

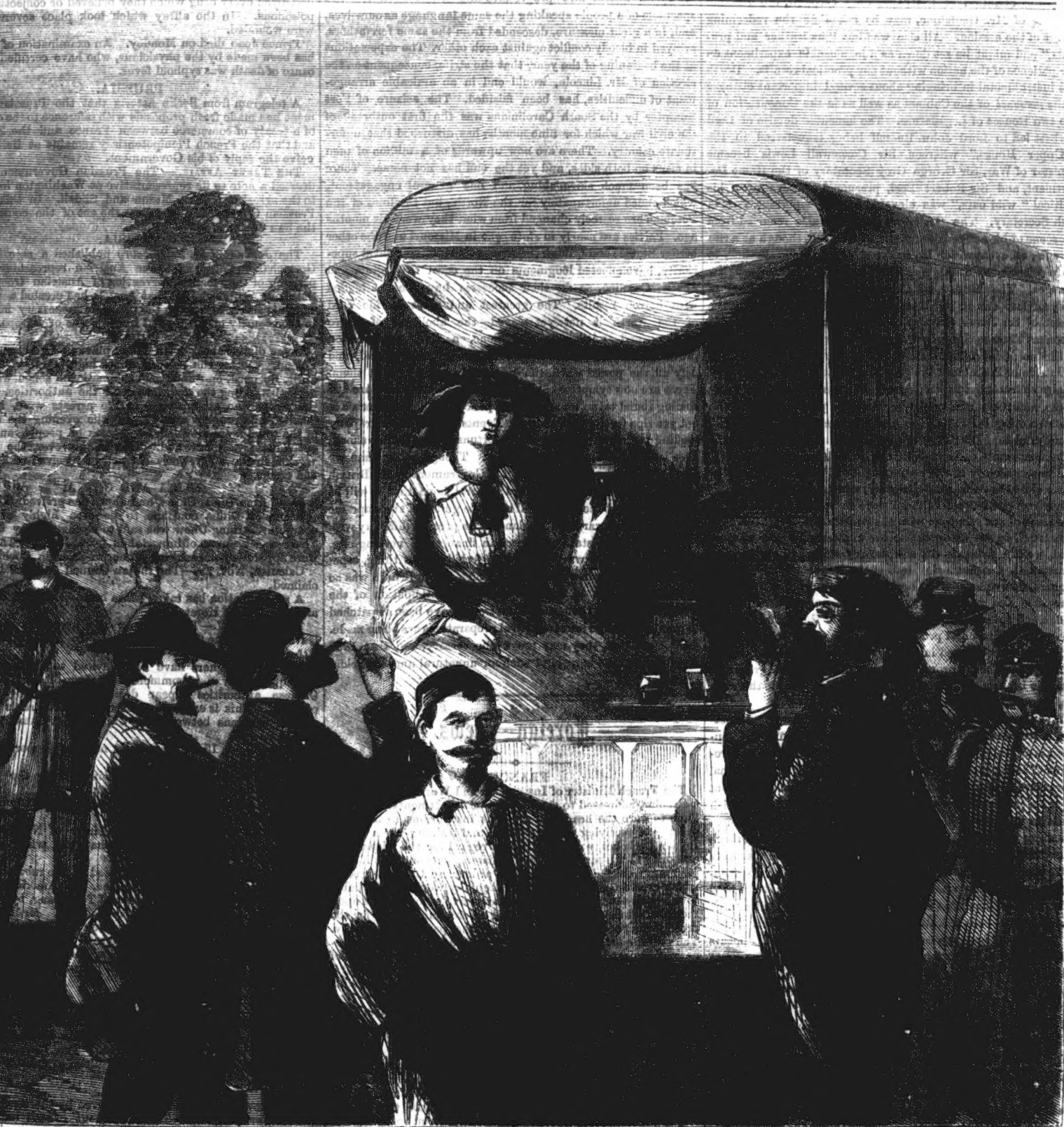
William Oliver
January 4th
1862

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

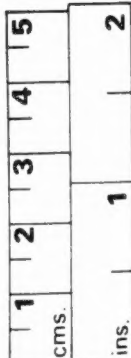


—VOL. I. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



THE AMERICAN WAR.—SUTLER'S CART AT BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS ON THE POTOMAC.



NOTES OF THE YEAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-one, with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its lights and shades, its varied incidents of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, great achievements and promises unfulfilled, has passed into the "bourne" from whence there is no return, and, with our eyes looking toward the future, we stand upon the threshold of the New Year. From that point, ere we move onward, let us turn and take a retrospective glance at the past, whereby to learn what the year has accomplished for humanity in the way of good or evil, and from thence surmise what we may reasonably expect of the one which is just opening upon us. We feel sorry that our review must be far from satisfactory or assuring. Whether we look at home or foreign affairs, there is little upon which we can dwell with pleasure or complacency. Neither in nor out of Parliament can we point to any events that can be said to indicate progress. The main object of our statesmen and public men has been to maintain the *status quo*, and in this they may be said to have succeeded marvellously. Indeed, the session of Parliament, which closed in August last, was about the most barren on record. The question of Parliamentary Reform, which had previously figured in two Queen's speeches, was unceremoniously abandoned, and the business of the session confined to questions of legal and social improvement. The new Bankruptcy law was the chief work consummated in this line; and this, with the abolition of the paper duty through the resolute conduct of Mr. Gladstone, may be taken as the redeeming points of the session. All else was but "as leather and prunella," and might be set down as a logomachic experiment on the patience of the nation without any practical results. Death was instrumental in bringing about several important changes in the personnel of the Cabinet as well as in the Constitution of the two Houses of Legislature. The lamented demise of Lord Herbert led to Lord John Russell being transferred to the "Upper House," where Sir Cornwall Lewis became Minister of War, Sir George Grey Secretary of the Home Department, and Sir Robert Peel, presumed to have sown his political "wild oats," was elevated to the important Post of Irish Secretary. The "fell destroyer" has also removed from the scene of his active labours, Lord Campbell, though at a ripe old age; an event which led to the elevation of Mr. Bethell, to the Woolsack, as Lord Westbury, and other important law changes. The House of Commons at a later period of the year lost one of its best debaters and ablest men in the person of Sir James Graham, followed soon after by his old opponent Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, one of our most honest and independent public men.

Outside of Parliament the year in domestic matters has been chiefly characterized by a general dullness in trade and commerce, and the partial employment of the people in the great manufacturing towns of the north, through the scarcity of cotton, and the limitation of our exports occasioned by the unfortunate state of matters on the North American continent. And unsatisfactory as the year has proved from the beginning it has closed upon us most gloomily, with a sad calamity—the widely regretted death of the Prince Consort, and the dangerous state of our relations with the wilful United States. As some set off to the disagreeable or unpleasant items enumerated, we can point to the satisfactory nature of our revenue returns and the plethoric state of the coffer of the Bank of England, as evidence of the healthy foundations of our national greatness; and we have every assurance, notwithstanding the sudden and severe loss which has befallen the undertaking in the death of its chief promoter, that the Great International Exhibition to be opened in Spring will prove a splendid trophy to his memory, and a proud monument of our national greatness in all the branches of industry and art that tend to the comfort, elevation and refinement of mankind.

In foreign affairs, with the exception of the American question, there need be little said, though the situation of the continent is anything but pleasing. Austria has stifled all that remains of Hungarian freedom in the suspension of Constitutional guarantees, and the proclamation of martial law. She is at the same time visited by a Nemesis in the shape of debt which threatens to overwhelm her—the latest reports from Vienna indicating a state of hopeless financial bankruptcy. French money matters appear to be little better, though the resources of the country are greater, and France has no cancer like Hungary gnawing at her vitals. The "Empire" though it has been so far "peace" has been so exceedingly expensive, that a large deficiency has been created, which the well known State doctor M. Fould has been called in to retrieve. His task appears a difficult one owing to the constitution of the French Courts and the servility of the so-called houses of Legislation. Still a great change must be made and that soon, unless France is to be wrecked on the same shoals of financial ruin as Austria and her matchless folly and crimes against good Government.

The year has seen the Italian kingdom grow in power and consolidation, though Venice is still in possession of the stranger, and Rome is a French garrison, and a nest of political intriguers and reactionists. When the year opened it was believed that spring would see stirring events on the banks of the Po, as well as on the shores of the Adriatic; but the question was not ripe for solution, and Garibaldi remained

quiet for a time in his island home. Rome, though eagerly sought as the capital of a regenerated Italy, is still the seat of an obnoxious, sacerdotal tyranny and royalist refugees and conspirators, because Louis Napoleon will not say the word, and Victor Emanuel does not choose to offend his inscrutable "protector." Still the new kingdom, through the rapid organization of its powers, and the wisdom of its statesmen, has shown itself worthy of the position it has already achieved by the sword, and the question of the entire freedom of the Peninsula is only a question of time, and that a short one; perhaps next March may see the inauguration of a movement which shall result in the liberation of the "Niobe of Nations," and free the capital of the Caesars from the foul bands of priests and assassins that have hitherto polluted with their presence a locality associated in history with the mightiest achievements of the human race; "a city wherein Cicero lived and spoke, and Antoninus ruled and died." An event which at one time threatened serious consequences to the new born kingdom has passed over comparatively harmless, though the firm and guiding hand will be found wanting when the next crisis arrives. We refer to the death of Count Cavour, in which Italy lost her right arm in the Council and the Senate, and Europe one of its greatest and most upright statesmen. There are proofs, however, that though he has not left his equal behind, his place will be supplied by wise and patriotic men, who influenced by his example and success, will guide the new kingdom onward to a great and glorious future.

The most momentous event of the year, and one most painful to all liberal and progressive minds, has been the sad spectacle of a people speaking the same language as ourselves, and, in a great measure, descended from the same forefathers, arrayed in bloody conflict against each other. The expectations at the beginning of the year, that the strife, consequent on the election of Mr. Lincoln, would end in an amicable arrangement of difficulties, has been falsified. The seizure of Fort Sumpter by the South Carolinians was the first outbreak of the civil war which for nine months has disturbed that unfortunate country. There are now upwards of a million of men in arms on both sides, and yet the end has not come. There has been much skirmishing, and one general engagement, which ended unfortunately for the North; but the lines of the Potomac are scarcely changed from what they were six months ago. Parties are nearly in *status quo* in Missouri and the other border States; and though the North, through their naval superiority, have effected lodgments on the coast of Virginia and South Carolina, so far their successes have been attended with barren results. The greatest and most terrific card of the North is not yet played—the abolition of negro slavery, and until that be done, a strong impression prevails that the Southrons will maintain their ground, and defy all the power which the North can bring against them. There are now symptoms that the leaders of the North are fast coming round to an emancipation policy, though the crisis is not yet ripe for its declaration. Events are, however, rapidly tending to that end, unless the unfortunate Trent affair should alter the whole complexion of affairs. Though at the time we wrote the answer of the Washington Government to the British Cabinet is not to hand, there is a general hope that it will be pacific, and that the North will never be guilty of the supreme folly of adding a war with England to its present difficulty with the South. The state of American finances, if nothing else, should temper the war feeling and forbid such a thing, especially as there never was a time in which Great Britain was so well prepared for a fight as now. In anticipation of the worst, already ten thousand choice troops have been dispatched to the Canadas, and immense naval preparations are being made. God grant that they may prove unnecessary, and that 1862 may be saved the horrors of such an unnatural and fratricidal strife.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The French Minister of Instruction and Worship has issued a circular, addressed to the prefects of departments, exhorting them to warn the heads of religious institutions against the practice of receiving young children and training them up as Roman Catholics, without sufficient regard for the wishes and authority of the parents. The Minister points out that if such practices were followed with equal ardour by the other sects which exist in France, public tranquillity would become liable to the most serious disturbances; and he therefore dwells upon the fact that the law has appointed severe punishment for the proselytising of children contrary to the parental authority. The prefects are, therefore, directed to warn religious congregations against the consequences of indulging in "an excess of zeal, as injurious to religion as to the authority of the parent." The tone and the application of this circular are alike creditable to the French Government.

THE JUDGMENT AGAINST M. MIRÉS CANCELLED.—The Cour de Cassation has cancelled the judgment pronounced against M. Mirés and Count Simon, and has decided that the case must be tried again before the Tribunal of Donai.

A decree is expected to appear in the *Moniteur* within a day or two, fixing the opening of the session of the Senate and of the Legislative Corps from the 17th to the 20th January. It is in the discussion on the address in the Senate, that Prince Napoleon will deliver the speech which has been spoken of for some time. "This discussion," says the *Independence Belge*, "will embrace all questions of foreign and internal politics, if

one may judge of it from the numerous inquiries which his imperial highness has made at all the departments of Government.

ITALY.

Correspondents from Italy supply a full account of what may be termed the secret history of the Ministerial crisis which still prevails in Turin. The breaking off of all arrangements tending to acceptance of the office by Ratazzi is described as the result of the indiscreet urgency of the French Minister, M. Benedetti, whose efforts to have Ratazzi summoned to office were at last regarded as unseemly attempts at coercion, both by the King, Baron Ricasoli, and Ratazzi himself; and the result has been that, under present circumstances, Ratazzi cannot, and would not, accept office. M. de San Martino had all but agreed to accept the vacant post, and his sudden drawing back had created much surprise. Our correspondent attributes his change of purpose to his having received a secret intimation that an old rancour between himself and the King had not been forgotten, and his fear in consequence that his acceptance of office might not be sanctioned, or at best might be reluctantly sanctioned, by Victor Emanuel. Dispatches from Naples state that many brigands have lately been made prisoners, and that some of the brigand chiefs have offered to surrender on condition of being allowed their liberty on one of the Neapolitan islands.

PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese Legislature has appointed a medical commission to examine and report upon the sanitary condition of the royal palaces, and the King has removed his residence from the fatal abode which his family so recently inhabited. The body of the late King is, it is announced, to be disinterred for medical examination.

The excitement in Lisbon has been greatly increasing, and, indeed, seems to have become a kind of mania. The populace on the 27th, broke into several of the chemists' shops, and destroyed every drug which they believed or conjectured to be poisonous. In the affray which took place several persons were wounded.

Prince Joao died on Monday. An examination of his body has been made by the physicians, who have certified that the cause of death was typhoid fever.

PRUSSIA.

A telegram from Berlin asserts that the Prussian Government has made fresh proposals with reference to the conclusion of a treaty of commerce between France and the Zollverein, and that the French Plenipotentiary remains at Berlin to receive the reply of his Government.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.—The Prussian Government has addressed a note to its representative at Washington in reference to the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. In this note the Prussian Government condemns the act of the commander of the San Jacinto.

RUSSIA.

The *Journal of St. Petersburg* publishes a note by Prince Gortchakoff, addressed to the Austrian representative, complaining of the recent intervention of Austrian troops in the Sutorina, and declaring that Austria has created a precedent which is likely to weaken the principle necessary not merely to the security of Turkey but to the peace of Europe.

POLAND.

Some disturbances have taken place in Lemberg, Austria Poland. During the celebration of high mass in the church of St. Bernard, on Sunday, Polish national songs were sung, notwithstanding the prohibition of the authorities. Some of the police who attempted to make arrests were, it is said, insulted and roughly treated. In the evening the streets of the town were crowded by masses of people, and several individuals were arrested. This is, however, the Austrian version of the affair, and must not be received with unqualified credit.

INDIA AND CHINA.

News from India, China, and Japan has arrived. The foreign relations of China continue to be of a highly satisfactory character. Hang-Chow was said to be invested by the rebels. There was no news of importance from Japan. The French were apparently not making much progress in Cochinchina.

Calcutta, Nov. 29.—The Indian Council Act has been proclaimed.

A reconciliation has taken place between the Ameer of Cabul and the ruler of Herat.

Peking, Oct. 27.—The Emperor of China was expected to leave Zehol on the 26th inst., in order to formally receive his father's remains.

But few foreigners have been invited to the capital. In consequence of a recommendation from Prince Kung, the Chinese authorities appear desirous of receiving European counsels. This is expected to exercise a favourable influence on the relations between the Chinese Government and the foreign powers.

Canton, Nov. 15.—There is no news of importance from Japan.

English men-of-war were cruising among the Japanese islands for the protection of British subjects.

Advices from the northern ports state that Admiral Hope had visited Newchang.

The rebels are said to be in the vicinity of Ningpo, the inhabitants of which are fleeing to Shanghai, where all alarm has subsided.

Hangchow is reported to be invested by the rebels.

The Hon. Mr. Anson Burlingame, the American plenipotentiary, had visited the Governor of Twoowang, by whom he was well received. The visit was returned. Mr. Burlingame afterwards left for Shanghai on his way to the capital.

It is reported that the foreigners in Hangchow have been attacked by the braves in the streets, and even in their own houses, and that placards have been posted up, threatening the extirpation of the Europeans.

The Hangkow and Tiensin markets are in a flourishing condition.

Point de Galle, Nov. 30.—The accounts from Saigon are still unfavourable to the French in Cochinchina. Nothing decisive, however, had taken place. The King was fortifying Hue, and was said to be determined to fight to the last extremity.

AMERICA.

The following telegrams were received by the Bavaria. New York, Dec. 16.—The excitement caused on the New York Exchange by the City of Washington's news is intense beyond description.

Saltpetre has advanced to 15c. per pound, at the public sales tea and coffee have been withdrawn. Sterling exchange has advanced to 110, and Stocks have declined from four to eight per cent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—The Confederates in Kentucky are stated to be jubilant at the prospect of a war with England. The Union men will, it is said, demand war in preference to offering a word of apology to England.

Public feeling has since become calmer, and the idea prevails that there will be no war.

There is a general disposition to do what is right.

The Africa, which was to sail on the 18th inst., has been detained by Lord Lyons until 20th inst., in order to take out despatches.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—The news received from England today, per Jura, has created still greater excitement.

The Washington Cabinet is discussing the demands of the English Government with moderation.

Home News.

His Imperial Highness Prince Jerome Bonaparte has taken mansion in the Cornwall-road, South Kensington.

THE PREMIER.—We are pleased to announce that the attack of gout, from which Lord Palmerston has suffered for several weeks, has been subdued, and that on Saturday last, for the first time, his lordship was enabled to leave his town residence for a carriage drive.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN MEAT AND POULTRY MARKET.—The operations have commenced for the construction of the new Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market, on the site of Smithfield, which has so long presented such an unsightly and neglected appearance.

NOTTINGHAM ELECTION.—This election closed on the 27th by the return of Sir Robert Clifton. Great excitement was manifested throughout the day, but little anxiety was experienced for the result, Sir Robert Clifton, from the very first hour to the last, far distancing his opponent. At the close of the poll the numbers stood:—Sir R. Clifton, 2,546; Lord Lincoln, 1,144.

ARBITRATION IN THE AMERICAN DISPUTE.—A very influential deputation from the "three denominations," has had an interview with Lord Palmerston, with a view to urge upon his lordship the desirability of submitting the dispute with America to arbitration. The deputation embraced representatives of the general body of Dissenting ministers and delegates from the Congregational Board, the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and the Baptist Board.

HOLYROOD PALACE.—By the direction of the Lord Chamberlain, there has been placed over the principal entrance door to Holyrood Palace the funeral achievement or "hatchment" of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, which will remain there, according to rule, for a year from the date of the funeral. Nothing of the kind has been formerly placed there, even on the death of reigning sovereigns, so that the present circumstance is a significant recognition of Holyrood Palace as one of the Royal residences. A similar achievement was yesterday fixed over the entrance to Balmoral Castle.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.—24,477 clocks and 9,635 watches of foreign manufacture were brought into this country in the month of November; and for the eleven months of 1861, the trade and navigation returns give a grand total of 217,072 clocks and 160,257 watches imported.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. HOLLOWAY.—This clerical delinquent, who was tried and convicted at a late session of the Central Criminal Court of various robberies in connection with railways, and sentenced to a term of eighteen months' imprisonment, died of fever on Monday in the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields, after an illness of four days.

ARBITRATION MEETING AT BRIGHTON.—A great meeting has been held in this town on Monday night on the American question. 1,200 persons were present. Messrs. Coningham and White, the two borough members, addressed the meeting. A resolution in favour of referring the question now in dispute between the two countries to arbitration was almost unanimously carried.

MUNICIPAL DONATION TO ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON. Mr. George Crawshaw, of Montagu-street, Russell-square, has, in the embarrassed state of the funds of this institution, placed in the hands of the secretary a check for £500. Mr. Crawshaw's liberal donation, the largest ever received since the opening of the charity, is in acknowledgment of professional services rendered to one of his domestic whilst under the care of Mr. Ure, one of the surgeons to the hospital.

PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.—200 friendless and female inmates were admitted to the benefits of this institution during the present year, the majority orphans, and belonging, by birth, to the provinces. The annual accounts close on the 31st inst., and the committee require about £100 more than they have in hand to enable them to meet all claims.

ROAD ACROSS HYDE PARK.—The committee for the road across Hyde Park had a long interview on Friday afternoon with the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., Her Majesty's First Commissioner of Works, at the Office, Whitehall-place. The deputation consisted of Mr. Tite, M.P., Major Lyon, Lieut.-Colonel Wortley (Chairman), Mr. Thomas Henry Hope, Mr. James Perry, Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., Mr. C. Freeman, Mr. Thomas D'Alffinger, Mr. S. Tillett, and the honorary secretary, Mr. C. Mills Roche.

HONORARY REWARDS.—On Thursday, at the local marine board of the port of London, Mr. D. Dunbar in the chair, William Moner (or Moir), seaman, last of the Tudor, was presented with a silver medal and diploma, awarded by the Emperor of the French, for services he rendered when on board the ship John Masterman, of London, in saving the lives of the crew of the French ship Frederic Gustave, on the 3rd of April, 1860, when she was waterlogged on her voyage from Bordeaux to Cork. The French Government has also awarded a gold medal to Captain John Westgarth, and silver medals to Alexander Geddes and William Johnson, seamen on board the same ship.

HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Dilke, one of the presidents of the Royal Horticultural Society, has received an affecting letter from Sir C. B. Phipps, written by her Majesty's command, in which she makes known her wish that that Society (of which the lamented Prince Consort was president) should hereafter be under her especial patronage,

and adds that "the only consolation her Majesty can hope to receive for the rest of her life, under her bitter and hopeless bereavement, is to endeavor to carry out the wishes and intentions of her beloved husband."

NEW BLACKFRIAR'S BRIDGE.—The report of the committee of the City Common Council has been issued. The design selected is that of Mr. Page for a bridge of three iron arches on granite piers. They state that no disturbance of the traffic will arise during the construction, that provision will be made for it without a temporary bridge, and that the cost of the works will be £245,000. The bridge selected is described in the report as remarkable for its grandeur of style and beauty, and as worthy in all respects to the City of London. The centre arch is 280 feet span (40 feet wider than the centre arch of Southwark-bridge), and the two side arches being each 220 feet span, the water-way being thus 720 feet, the two piers are each 28 feet in thickness. The structure of the arches will be cast iron from the piers to within 40 feet of the crown; the centre piece forming the key of the arch, 80 feet in length, being of wrought iron; so that the thinnest part of the bridge, which is in immediate contiguity with the roadway, and consequently subject to any shock from the traffic, would be of the most safe material. The four pedestals on each side of the bridge, 40 feet in height above high water mark, and 23 feet in width, would supply bases for groups of sculptural commemorative of past events in our national history, in some of which the chief magistrates of London took an active part.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

EXECUTION OF THE ALDERSHOT ASSASSIN.—On Friday week, Thomas Jackson, aged 19, a private in the 78th Highlanders, who was convicted at the late Winchester Assizes of the wilful murder of Sergeant Dickson, of the same regiment, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, on the gallows, at the hands of Calcraft, over the entrance to the County Gaol, Winchester. The morning was particularly fine and clear; but the number of persons present did not number 300, of whom only fifteen were soldiers. The criminal was clothed in his military trowsers and a fustian jacket, the same in which he was tried; and the body, after hanging the usual time, was cut down and buried in the gaol in the course of the afternoon. He died without manifesting the slightest feeling of penitence.

EXECUTION OF TWO MURDERERS AT WARWICK.—A double execution took place at Warwick on Monday, William Beamish convicted at the last assizes of the murder of his wife and child by poison; and John Thompson, found guilty at the late assizes of the murder of Anne Walker, a woman with whom he had cohabited, by cutting her throat in a disreputable house, were both executed in front of the county gaol. The circumstances connected with the perpetration of the crime, in each case, are doubtless fresh in the recollection of our readers. Thompson freely confessed the crime before expiating it on the scaffold, and said he was incited to it in a momentary fit of jealousy when they were both under the influence of drink. The murder was committed on the 29th of September last, in Tantar-street, Birmingham. He was 42 years of age, and quite grey. Thompson's six children visited him on Thursday last, and the interview, as might be expected, was of a very distressing nature. He admitted the justice of his sentence, but thought that Farquhar ought to be hanged if he was, as his was a similar case, both having killed their victims, as he alleged, through sudden anger. The determination of the Home Secretary that there was no ground for interfering in the case of Thompson was communicated to Mr. John Mills Anderson, governor of the gaol, on Sunday evening, by special messenger. Beamish had led a most exemplary and religious life until two years ago, when he formed an improper intimacy with a girl named Emma Statham, who worked at looms in his house, at the ribbon-weaving trade. He purchased arsenic, but the administration of it was not very clearly proved, owing to the great secrecy adopted by the guilty person. Just before his execution he said, "If Statham had been tried for it I should have confessed myself guilty to save her; but it's no use confessing to the minister when I can confess to God." All he acknowledged was that he had been "too fond of company and the girls." He had been studying Palmer's case, and, frequently said in his condemned cell that that notorious poisoner had acted in the same way as he had after he was sentenced to execution. He received the visits of three of his cousins from Coventry. A rumour had been current that he did not desire to see the girl Statham, with whom, as alleged, he was so intimate, but such rumour has no foundation in fact. On the contrary, he throughout expressed the utmost anxiety to see her, but the gaol authorities would not permit it. Both the unhappy men have evinced complete indifference to their fate throughout the entire time they have been in the gaol, and have paid but little attention to the religious consolation afforded to them by the Rev. C. E. Charles, the chaplain. Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for the execution, but long before that time crowds of people began to assemble in the neighbourhood of the gaol. Many took up positions before daybreak, and, as the morning was extremely fine, the assembly continued to increase up to ten o'clock, when the crowd was immense. Shortly before ten o'clock Mr. Heath, the under-sheriff, accompanied by Mr. Edward Heath, his deputy; Mr. John Mills Anderson, the governor of the gaol; and the Rev. C. E. Charles, the chaplain, proceeded to the condemned cell, and in the course of a conversation which took place, it is understood that Thompson repeated a statement he made after his trial, to the effect that he had never premeditated the crime for which he was about to suffer. Beamish, however, volunteered no statement bearing upon the crime for which he was convicted. The executioner—who on this occasion was John Smith, of Dudley, the executioner of the notorious Palmer—now entered the condemned cell, and proceeded to pinion the prisoners, who submitted to the process without resistance. The procession was then formed, and Thompson was the first to ascend the scaffold. He was immediately followed by Beamish, and the ropes were quickly placed round their necks and adjusted to the fatal beam. The rev. gentleman proceeded to read the ordinary funeral service, and at the usual signal the drop fell; the wretched criminals struggled violently, Thompson particularly so, and both seemed to die unusually hard. A chill seemed to pervade the whole of the crowd during the last scene, and as soon as it was over the people quietly dispersed. A great number of females and children were present.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

Dispatches by the Africa, which reached Queenstown on Tuesday and Liverpool on Thursday, bring intelligence from Washington and New York to the 20th of December. It is pacific, and there is every expectation that the *amende* will be made and peace preserved. The following are the particulars:—

A full telegraphic summary of the English news brought by the Europa was published in the American journals of Monday, December 16, and the Mason and Slidell case became the absorbing topic of the day. The press and the public generally seem to deprecate war with England, and to cling to a vague idea that the matter would be settled by some diplomatic arrangement. Unanimity at first, however, appeared to prevail among the press and public upon the most important part of the question—namely, the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and the universal opinion was that the "National honour" of the country could never permit the surrender of the prisoners under any circumstances whatever.

The following day, the feeling universally was much calmer and quieter throughout all circles, and the general opinion was that war would certainly not ensue, the idea of giving up Messrs. Mason and Slidell was even discussed, and its probability entertained.

The Europa reached Boston late on the afternoon of Dec. 17th, having been forty hours from Halifax to Boston against strong head winds. It was then announced that within thirty minutes after the Europa touched at Halifax the British steam sloop of war Rinaldo got up steam and left, in pursuance of some orders, it was supposed, brought by the Queen's messenger, to communicate with the admiral of the British North American squadron. The Europa's mails were delivered in New York, December 18th, and their contents largely scrutinized. Captain Seymour, Queen's messenger, and Mr. Cooke, messenger from Mr. Adams, arrived in New York on the morning of December 18th, and at once left for Washington by special train, where they arrived at midnight.

The tone of the New York morning journals of Dec. 18 was materially changed on the Mason and Slidell question, and a degree of moderation was observable in discussing this subject very different from the articles of the few previous weeks. On the afternoon of the 18th news from England to the 6th Dec. was telegraphed from Portland, and the announcement of the formidable warlike progress being made in Great Britain again created great excitement and affected the money market injuriously.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

The following are additional and later items:—

Nothing decisive has transpired respecting the Trent affair. The New York Times of to-day states that Lord Lyons has not communicated his dispatches to the Washington Government.

An impression prevails very generally that the Federal Government will not go to war on this question, and that if the demands of the British Government for the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell are couched in moderate language, they will be complied with.

The House of Representatives has refused to pass a resolution pledging itself to support the act of Commander Wilkes, without referring the resolution to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Secretary Chase, at a Bank meeting, expressed an opinion that by January the Federal naval and military operations would give decisive results, and that the British question was capable of, and would have, a pacific solution.

The action of the home Government is strongly approved in Canada.

The 62nd and 63rd Regiments are under orders at Halifax for Canada.

WAR NEWS.

Two Federal regiments have landed at Ship Island. General Phelps, on landing, issued a proclamation declaring that his command would be governed by the idea that everything that has been admitted into the Union as a Slave State since the adoption of the Constitution, has been admitted in violation of that Constitution.

It is reported that the proclamation has caused dissatisfaction among the Federal fleet.

An inquiry has been made in Congress to ascertain on what authority the proclamation was issued.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the construction of gun-boats to be stationed in the Western waters.

Congress has appropriated \$1,000 for compensation to the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*.

The destructive fire at Charleston is confirmed. A large portion of the city and the leading public buildings were destroyed.

The British ship *Cheshire*, captured off Tybee Island, has arrived here in charge of a prize crew.

FRANCE.

THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—To-day, according to custom, the Emperor received the Diplomatic Corps at the Tuileries.

The reception took place early in the afternoon.

Count Kisseleff presented the united congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps to his Majesty.

Lord Cowley was prevented from being present.

The Emperor, in his reply, thanked the Diplomatic Corps for their good wishes, and said that the past year was remarkable for events which had shaken several States, and caused great mourning among some sovereign families. "But us hope," said the Emperor, in conclusion, "that the present year may be more auspicious for the welfare of the peoples and the sovereign families."

WEST INDIA AND PACIFIC MAILS.

The West India and Pacific Mails have arrived. In Trinidad preparations were being made to receive Prince Alfred. The poor lad does not yet know of the calamity with which he has been visited.

THE WINDHAM CASE.—The extraordinary inquiry in the case of Mr. Windham closed on Wednesday, as far as the promoters of the lunacy plea is concerned. We shall give a full abstract of the evidence next week.

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE CONTEST BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—The arrangements for an annual rifle match between England and Scotland, to take place every year during the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, commencing in 1862, have just been completed between Lord Bury, acting on the part of the English, and Mr. Horatio Ross on behalf of the Scottish Rifle Volunteers. The following are the bases of the agreement for the competition:—That the match shall be open to effective, non-effective, or honorary members of volunteer corps of England and Scotland, the competitors to be eight in number on each side, the test of nationalists to be paternal descent. The first match to take place at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon in 1862, and be shot every year at such annual meeting. After arranging that each side shall nominate a captain to make arrangements for each succeeding contest, the agreement states that Lord Elcho having generously intimated his intention to present a prize, to be called "The Elcho Challenge Shield," it is agreed that "The Elcho Challenge Shield" shall be the prize shot for at the international match. That each year the name of the successful side shall be engraved on it: that it shall be kept in some conspicuous place in whichever nation has the honour of holding it for the year, and that, in addition to the honour of having his name engraved on the shield, each of the successful champions shall receive some prize to be kept by him for ever. This prize to be paid for by the losing side. Each side to appoint an umpire, who shall appoint, if they think fit, a referee, the decision of such umpires, or, in case of a difference of opinion, of the referee, to be final. The regulations for shooting to be the same as those laid down by the National Rifle Association for competitors for all comers' prizes; in case of a tie each side to fire one round at 1,000 yards, until the match is decided. The ranges to be 700, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards with 15 shots for each competitor at each of such ranges. The targets to be the same size as those laid down for the musketry instruction for the army for first class targets, but Swiss targets, of the same dimensions and appearance, may be substituted at the option of the authorities of the National Rifle Association. When a miss is made, either high, low, right, or left is to be indicated, by a red flag from the marker's butt.

LORD TRURO'S FIELD DAY.—The first field day of the brigade commanded by Lord Truro, composed of the 1st Middlesex Light Horse (two troops), six batteries of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, and 240 of the 4th Middlesex Rifles, took place on (Boxing-day), at Colney Hatch. The evolutions performed were of a most satisfactory character, and the officers were well up to their work. The skirmishing of the 4th Middlesex Rifles was excellent, and the charges in line, first of artillery and infantry and subsequently of the cavalry, were, on the whole, surprisingly good. The privates of the brigade were entertained at dinner by the officers, and the day closed with the greatest satisfaction. The brass, drum and fife bands both attended and performed most efficiently.

RIFLE CONTEST.—One of the most successful rifle matches that has ever taken place in the West of England came off on Friday, at Totnes. The ranges were up to 500 yards. There were more than 230 entries, and the winners were—first prize, 100 guineas, Captain Kempthorne, 5th Cornwall Rifle Volunteers, Callington; second prize, 30 guineas, Corporal S. Salter, 6th Gloucester Rifle Volunteers, Stroud; third prize, 20 guineas, Private Green, 3rd Somerset Rifle Volunteers, Taunton; fourth prize, five guineas, Colour-Sergeant Abbott, 30th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, Kaling.

SECOND MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.—On Friday last a ball was given by the members of the No. 2 Battery of this corps (Captain J. Grant Elliott commanding), at the Beaumont Institution, under the patronage of Lieut.-Colonel Grey, Captain Gregory, of the Engineer Volunteers, and others, about 300 visitors being present on the occasion. The ball-room was tastefully decorated, and the dancing was kept up with great spirit till a late hour, all appearing much pleased with the evening's amusement.

Wynyard Hall, near Stockton, the seat of the Marchioness of Londonderry, was last week seriously damaged by fire. The hall has been burnt down twice.

THE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The arrangements which have been in progress for dispatching the troops selected for service in Canada have now been entirely completed. The mail packet which is to leave Liverpool on the 4th of January will take the 2nd and 3rd batteries of the 15th brigade of Garrison Artillery, consisting of 12 officers, and 234 men, and this completes the list of troops forming the reinforcements. More than 10,000 men have been dispatched with extraordinary celerity, and it is gratifying to know that they have left our shores under circumstances which leave no room for doubt as regards their comfort and efficiency. The extra warm clothing, which has not been procured without difficulty, is of the best quality, and perfectly suited to the sharp winter the men will have to encounter. This extra clothing has been in every sense so placed in the ships as to be accessible at any moment, and will be distributed to the men on the voyage, should the weather be such as to require those of sealskin caps and similar articles. The number of transports wholly chartered by Government is thirteen, all powerful screw steamers; and in several cases troops have been sent by the Cunard mail steamers to Halifax. The reinforcements that have been dispatched to Canada may be estimated at 10,000 men of all ranks; and should it be found necessary to increase the force, a second 10,000 have been selected and are ready to embark at a few hours' notice.

THE CORNFIELD.

BY JOHN CONSTABLE.

ONE of the first names that added lustre to our school of painting, after it really merited such an appellation, is that of John Constable, born in 1776, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk. He used to say that, "the scenes of his boyhood made him an artist," and this we can readily believe of any one in whom nature has implanted an intuitive love of Art. We know the country well amid which Constable was reared, and perhaps a more genial locality to create a painter and to foster his inclinations cannot be seen in all England.

Constable's father was an opulent miller, and was most desirous that his son John, one of three boys, should enter the church; but finding him disinclined to this, he proposed to him that he should follow his own business, and for about a year after leaving school he applied himself to the duties of the mill, frequently, however, relieving the monotony of his occupation in studying, to use his own expression, the "natural history of the skies;" for the painter's art was already working in him, and while yet at school he had become acquainted with the only individual in the parish who could offer him the least assistance in his favourite pursuit—one John Dunthorne, a painter and glazier, and a man rather above his station. With Dunthorne he had been accustomed to pass much of his leisure time in painting landscapes from nature. Notwithstanding the father's disinclination to an artist's life, Mrs. Constable

having procured for her son an introduction to Sir George Beaumont, whose mother resided at Dedham, near Bergholt, John was permitted, in 1795, to come to London, "for the purpose," as Mr. Leslie, R.A., says, in his "Memoirs of Constable," "of ascertaining what might be his chance of success as a painter." From that period till February, 1799, he appears to have passed his time alternately in the metropolis and his native place, sometimes working at his easel, and sometimes in the mill—the latter yet seeming to be the point to which his parents wished his energies to be directed; for at the end of October, 1797, his mother writes thus to a friend in London—Mr. John Smith, the author of the "Life of Nollekens," with whom her son was intimate:—"We are anticipating the satisfaction of seeing John at home in the course of a week or ten days, to which I look forward with the hope that he will attend to business, by which he will please his father, and ensure his own respectability and comfort."

Yet, notwithstanding the kind and approving words which had been addressed to him, and the associations of friendship he had formed with people of position—among whom were the nephew of the Bishop of Salisbury, and Mr. C. Bicknell, solicitor to the Admiralty, whose daughter Constable married in 1816—he made but little progress towards popularity; there was something so new in the style he had adopted, and perhaps, therefore, so unintelligible to those who could only understand what they had been accustomed to, that we can scarcely wonder at the neglect he experienced. People half a century ago were far less disposed to recognise innovations in

Art—as in other things—and far less able to comprehend what is really excellent in painting, than they now are. "So little," says his friend and biographer, Mr. Leslie, "was Constable's art yet appreciated, that the sale of two of his pictures, this year" (1814)—twelve years after he first began to exhibit—let the young painters of our own time learn encouragement from this fact) "must be mentioned as an extraordinary event; a small one exhibited at the British Gallery to Mr. Allnutt" (of Clapham Common) "and a larger one of a 'Lock,' to Mr. James Carpenter," of Bond-street. Constable told Mr. Allnutt some years afterwards that "he had been the means of making a painter of him, by buying the first picture he ever sold to a stranger."

SUTLER'S CART AT BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS ON THE POTOMAC.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

THIS represents rather a novel scene on the Potomac. It shows a handsome young woman in a wagon, armed with a pistol, and attended by a negro, dealing out her coveted wares to the troops in the vicinity. Cider, apples, pies, cakes, and tobacco comprise her stock in trade, and she seems to be on tolerable good terms with herself as well as the surrounding group.



THE CORNFIELD.—AFTER CONSTABLE.

EARL RUSSELL'S DISPATCH TO LORD LYONS.

At a meeting of English merchants, held in Hamburg—Mr. John Ward, the English charge d'affaires, presiding—for the purpose of voting an address of condolence to the Queen, the Chairman, after giving some explanations about the Nashville, read Earl Russell's note to Lord Lyons on the affair of the Trent. This dispatch (says a Hamburg letter) is worded with great moderation. It describes the seizure of the Southern Commissioners in the terms of Captain Williams's report to the Admiralty. It makes no mention of the opinions of the law officers of the Crown, of which so much has been said in the newspapers, but simply and explicitly characterises the capture of the Commissioners as an infraction of the law of nations, and an insult to the English flag. It declares that the Cabinet of St. James's, considering the friendly and cordial character of its relations with the United States, cannot doubt for an instant that the Captain of the San Jacinto must have acted without authority from his Government, and feels confident that the latter will not hesitate to take the only step possible under the circumstances—namely, to release the prisoners without delay, and to make suitable reparation for the insult offered to the British flag.

THE AMERICAN WAR.—RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATE GARRISON FROM PORT ROYAL, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE FEDERAL FLEET, NOV. 7.



LAW AND POLICE.

DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.—The Court of Session, Edinburgh, at their sitting on Thursday took up the case of Forbes v. Forbes. The following interlocutor by Lord Ardenhill was put in and read:—"The Lord Ordinary having heard parties' procurators and made arduous, and considered the clearest record, produced, productions, and whole process—finds that the marriage of the pursuer and defender has been instructed as averted; finds facts, circumstances, and qualifications proved, relevant, and sufficient to infer the defender, Dame Caroline Louisa Forbes guilty of adultery with Captain Thomas Carly Gibbard, mentioned in the libel and in the proof, the said adultery having been committed within Flintry House, Aberdeenshire, between the 24th October and the 20th October, 1860, inclusive, and within the New Stein Hotel, Brighton, between the 17th January and the 23rd January, 1861, inclusive, and within Nayland House, Ashgrove-street, Brighton, between the 22nd of January and the 29th of January, 1861, inclusive; finds the said defender, Dame Caroline Louisa Forbes, from the pursuer, Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, Baronet, his society, fellowship, and company, in all time coming; finds and declares that the said defender, Dame Caroline Louisa Forbes, has forfeited all the rights and privileges of a lawful wife, and that the said pursuer, Sir William Forbes, Baronet, is entitled to live single or marry any free woman, as if he had never been married to the said defender, Dame Caroline Louisa Forbes, or as if she were naturally dead, and decrees: Finds the defender entitled to expenses, subject to modification; allows an account thereof to be lodged, and remits the same to the auditor to tax and report. (Signed.) JAS. CRAUFORD.—Note. It is unnecessary to make any observations. The evidence is quite conclusive. Expenses have been awarded to the defender, but subject to modification, in respect to the pleas of the defender on the point of jurisdiction and of the refusal of the defender to appear for identification by witnesses.—(Initialed.) J. C."

ILL-TREATMENT OF CHILDREN BY THEIR PARENTS.—At Clerkenwell, Timothy, son of J. Quenn's, police East, Chelsea, was charged with assaulting Michael Leary, his son, aged one year and nine months. The child's head and face were much swollen from a severe wound on the side of the face.—Makher, 70 B, said the prisoner, who had been living apart from his wife, went home yesterday afternoon, and finding that another man had been drinking with his wife, he made a great disturbance and threw a can at her. The mother and the prisoner then began fighting, the mother having the child in her arms. The prisoner took up the poker and made a desperate blow at the mother, and, unfortunately, the poor infant received it on the face, cutting the flesh to the bone. The child bled fearfully, and appeared for some time as if it was dead. It was taken to a neighbouring surgeon, who said the case was such a serious one that he directed it to be taken to the University College Hospital. The wound was sewn up, but the child was in such a bad state that it was directed that great care should be taken of it, as it was in a very dangerous state. The child's mother would not allow her daughter, who saw the assault, to attend and give evidence.—The prisoner, who did not deny the charge, asked the magistrate to take bail.—Remanded. Bail refused.

FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.—At Westminster, Stephen Gann was finally examined, charged with uttering forged notes. He lodged at Mrs. Keene's, 60, Lower Sloane-street, Chelsea, and uttered two forged £5 notes in October and November. When apprehended, he said he received one from a Mr. Jacobs, in Covent-garden Market, and the other from a woman in Harrow-road. Subsequently he produced his sister to say that she lent him a £5 note, but there was nothing to identify it with either of those uttered. There was also a charge of uttering a £10 note. Mr. Phipps, clerk, 55, Long-street, in whose service the prisoner had been in November, 1860, but the witnesses were not now present.—Mr. Arnold committed the prisoner for trial on Mrs. Keene's charge, and said the Bank of England could prosecute in the other if they thought fit.

FORGERY AND DECEPTION.—At Guildhall, James Hindmarsh, a lance corporal in the 5th Dragoon Guards, was charged as follows:—George Pattison, a private in the 5th Dragoon Guards, quartered at Norwich, said he saw the prisoner in his uniform, in an omnibus, and on its arrival at Cornhill he gave him in charge as a deserter.—Richard Abbott, also a private in the 5th Dragoon Guards, said he saw the prisoner on the 3rd inst. deliver to Mrs. York, the mess caterer, the order produced for 20s., and she gave him a sovereign. Sergeant-Major Davidson, 5th Dragoon Guards, said he had not written or authorised the said order. It was in the hands of the prisoner, who held an important position in the regiment, but he was given to tipping. He was highly respectable, and had received an excellent education. His character was good in other respects.—Mr. Alderman Humphrey: It is a pity to send a respectable young man to prison on such a charge if there be any hope of reclaiming him.—The Sergeant-Major: He will certainly be tried for being absent without leave, but perhaps Mrs. York will not press the charge. He was then ordered to be taken to Norwich.

COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE.—CAUTION TO GROCERS.—At Wandsworth, Mr. S. Bateman, of Mitcham, grocer, was charged as follows:—Mr. Mackenzie, Excise officer, said he went to the defendant's shop on the 2nd August last, and asked to be served with a quarter of a pound of a mixture of coffee and chocolate. He was supplied with it but the packet was not labelled.—Mr. Bradley, from the laboratory at Somerset House, had analysed the contents of the packet, and found it to contain 32 per cent. of chocolate. It was proved that on the 5th of September, 1860, a printed notice was served upon the defendant, stating that if chocolate and coffee were sold as a mixture the packet should be labelled as follows:—"It is a mixture of coffee and chocolate." The defendant said he was not aware that a label was required.—Mr. Ingham said the label was required by the Excise regulations. Forty years ago the penalty for selling spurious coffee was £100; but the Excise regulations freed shopkeepers from penalties if they labelled their packets of mixed chocolate and coffee as being such. The defendant had become liable to £100 penalty, but, as no fraud was intended, he would mitigate it to one-fourth.—Fined £25, and costs.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A CLERK OF WORKS.—At Bow-street, William Brittain was charged as follows:—Mr. T. H. J. Brown, of Robert-street, Adelphi, architect, said he engaged the prisoner as clerk of "the works, in the buildings now being erected by the Central Dwellings Improvement Company, in Bennett's-court, Drury-lane. The prisoner had £2 2s. a week salary, and he had to engage the men and account to witnesses for the work done and to return a "pay sheet" weekly, containing the names of the men. The return (produced) for Nov. 1s. shows £1 6s. 2d. due to Curly, a labourer, being 4s. 6d. per day, whilst he had been paid, only 2s. 4d. a day, and in all the bills he was charged at 4s. 6d., although receiving only 2s. 4d. One Davis was charged at 2s. 6d. per day although he was paid only £1 a week; and the same in the case of one Murphy, and witness believes the same was the case with all the other labourers. The prisoner was supplied with money to pay them. Evidence was taken in support of the charge after which the prisoner was also charged with stealing stoves entrusted to him to be repaired.—Evidence having been heard, the prisoner was committed for trial on both charges, two sureties in £50 each to be accepted, subject to 24 hours' notice.

THE BANKRUPT OF A DEBTOR.—In the Court of Bankruptcy, on Friday 29th Decr., Mr. Registrar Miller, the first sitting was held in re Peter Morrison, bankrupt.—A newspaper proprietor, of 4, Pall-mall East, of the *Atlas* newspaper office, Southampton-street, Strand, and of 41, Portchester-square, Hyde Park. The adjudication was on the 23rd ult. Mr. Moore, of Southampton-street, was the petitioning creditor for £145.—There was a smart contest for the assigneeship. The debts proved were chiefly those due to tradesmen with whom the bankrupt and his family had dealt.—Mr. John Roten, publisher, of Chisgrove, Essex, claimed to prove £76 for nine weeks' rent of apartments occupied in his house by the bankrupt and his family. Mr. Holton said the bankrupt was considered to be the proprietor (though not registered) of the *Atlas* newspaper, and he agreed to transfer as half of it to witness, who paid no money for it, but agreed to take half the paper, half the profits, and half the loss in return for his services in restoring the paper to a profitable position. That arrangement was entered into early in September last. No agreement was executed, but it was to be executed.—Mr. Linklater, for the petitioning creditor: Then, since the 29th September, you and Mr. Morrison were partners in the *Atlas*!—Witness: I don't know what makes me a partner. I was to receive half the profits if there were any, and half the losses. I was under the impression that Mr. Morrison was a solvent man. I have paid everything, and concluded it in my own name. But Mr. Morrison disappeared suddenly, and then I continued to work the *Atlas* for my own sake, in order to realise the money I had advanced upon it. Since the 29th September I have only recovered one or two debts, in all under £10. Mr. Holmes received money, £10 5s., and accounted for it to Mr. Morrison, for which I blamed him. That was all Morrison resolved to repay his advances of £248, which he lost on the paper in 10 years and a half. My son printed the *Atlas* since the 29th September. I have worked the paper at a frightful loss. I lose every week on an average 27. 10s. or 28. I wrote out a rough draught of the agreement that was to be executed, but in the meantime Mr. Morrison had gone. I saw him last on the Thursday before he left. He promised to see me on the Friday, but two or three days after I heard that he had gone away. I have had no communication with him since. I don't know whether he

is in Heaven, or where he is (laughter). He was to pay me four guineas a week for the occupation of my whole house except one bedroom. We were to cook for the family, to attend on them, and give them the use of a horse and dog cart to fetch Mr. Morrison from the station, or for the young ladies to take a drive. There were Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, four daughters, and frequently a servant.—Mr. Linklater objected to the proof, as Mr. Holton was a partner with Morrison, and his proof could not be a witness, as long as there were other debts unliquidated for goods supplied to the paper.—The registrar adjourned the proof for further investigation.—Mr. Holmes, advertisement agent, tendered a proof for £25 due for advertisements in the *St. James's Magazine*, and other publications, by the bankrupt jointly with his partners in the "National Assurance and Investment Association."—Mr. Lewis objected to the proof, but it was admitted in order to allow the creditor to vote in the choice.—Mr. Linklater presented a proof for £4,600, on behalf of a Mr. Ross, residing in the country, who was a depositor in the Bank of Deposit. The question was whether the proof could be admitted for the purpose of voting in the choice, and assenting to or dissenting from the order of discharge. It appeared that each person depositing money in this bank of Mr. Morrison's received a deposit note, and became proprietor of as much investment stock which, rendered him a member of the association. It was, therefore, questionable whether a depositor, being thus a partner, could prove in competition with the separate creditors of Mr. Morrison; but as the proof had been sent up to him from the country, he thought it right to present it.—The registrar declined to admit the proof.—Mr. Linklater said Mr. Morrison's absence prevented the official assignee from giving full information as to the position of the estate. But Mr. Morrison's interests had been so zealously attended to by his solicitors and others, that the creditors had little or no information respecting his affairs. Whether he would ever be allowed to make his appearance or not was a question that time only could solve. Mr. Lewis said he represented a large majority of the creditors, and he asked the court to fix a day, under the 18th section for considering whether the estate should be wound up under a deed of arrangement, composition, or otherwise. The creditors generally were at a loss to know why these proceedings had been initiated. It was only the personal creditors of Mr. Morrison who could receive any dividend under this bankruptcy; and but for the reckless proceedings under this adjudication they would have received their debts in full. The registrar assented to the proposition to fix a day under the 18th sec., but the proceedings in bankruptcy to continue meanwhile.—Mr. Lewis proposed that an allowance of four guineas a week should be made to the bankrupt for the support of his wife and family.—Mr. Linklater said this showed the great anxiety of those who were conducting the proceedings that the creditors should have their 20s. in the pound. An allowance was proposed to the bankrupt, although he was out of the country. Mr. Lewis said that bankrupt's wife and family were not to be allowed to starve. Of course the allowance would not be paid unless Mr. Morrison surrendered.—The allowance was sanctioned by the majority of the creditors present.

LAMENTABLE CASE OF STABBING A BROTHER AND THREATENING A FATHER.—Stephen Grange, 37, a most formidable-looking man, was charged at Bow-street, on Monday, with stabbing his brother and threatening the life of his father. The father of the prisoner said that prisoner called at his house on the previous day, and he went into the passage to speak to him. The prisoner, who appeared to have a knife in his hand, held it up and threatened him. Witness called out to his two other sons, who both rushed to his assistance, and after a long struggle the prisoner was ejected. During this time the younger son, Henry, received a cut on the temple. Witness said the prisoner had been engaged in crime since the age of thirteen, and he had been transported for ten years. On his return he (witness) said he received him in the kindest manner, and supplied him with money, but his mind was still embittered against his family, and his conduct was very violent and abusive. The statement of the father was corroborated by his two young sons. The prisoner said his brother-in-law abused him, in worse terms than he had used towards them. He was sent for trial to answer the charge of misdemeanor at the sessions.

MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES.—At Westminster, Agnes Renton, aged twenty-eight, a single woman, was charged as follows:—Mrs. Rachael Eades, of 2, Oakley-crescent, Chelsea, said the prisoner occupied a room in her house for two months, and left on Monday week, in arrears of rent. Witness detained some articles of her wearing apparel, and also a box corded up. On Thursday witness wished to put the wearing apparel in the prisoner's box, and on unhooking it she found the wasted remains of two infants, with a string tied round the neck of each. She then called the police.—Inspector Taiton said the bodies of the children had been examined by a surgeon, who said they had been dead many months. They did not appear to be twins, as one was larger than the other, and less decomposed. The other child, if it had been the same, would have been found in a similar state. The bodies were then placed in a box, and the prisoner was charged with the murder of the children. The prisoner was examined, and her appearance indicated that she had formerly been a child.—The prisoner repeated her previous statement, and said she had had but one child, and that was nine years ago.—Remanded.

THE MURDERERS IN NEWGATE.—The unhappy boy, Richard Reeve, who was convicted of the murder of his sister in Drury-court, at the November sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and who was left for execution, but who has since received a reprieve during her Majesty's pleasure, still remains in Newgate, and the Government have not yet given any intimation of their intention to execute him. What is to be done with him; and also the statement which the Government have made, that the capital sentence has been commuted to one of penal servitude for life, is, it appears, incorrect. He is employed, like the other convicted prisoners, in the occupation of sponging, and it appears that he has never upon any occasion made allusion to the crime of which he was convicted, or to the circumstances which induced him to commit it. Another prisoner, named William Maloney, who was convicted of the murder of his wife in Westminster, and who was also reprieved during her Majesty's pleasure, still remains in Newgate, pending inquiries, which, it is understood, are being made in reference to his case.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH FROM FIRE.—A frightful occurrence took place at 31, Platt-terrace, Old St. Pancras-road, last week. An elderly female named Ann Dawson, who resided in the first floor of the above house, with her daughter, had been left tea minutes, sitting by the fire, by the latter, who went out on an errand. The other inmates were suddenly alarmed by loud screams and the falling of some heavy body. On rushing out into the passage, the unfortunate woman, who, in her fright, had tumbled headlong from the top to the bottom of the flight of stairs, was found enveloped in flames. The landlord and others, who ran to her assistance, through the smoking, &c., over her, and blew water, to extinguish the flames, but did not succeed in doing so until every trace of her clothing was burnt from her body, which was blackened all over. On the arrival of Mr. Jackson, a neighbouring surgeon, he pronounced her life extinct.

SMOKING ACCIDENT AT A RAILWAY STATION.—A shocking and fatal accident to a youth, and serious injury to his brother, a young man, occurred last week, at the New-cross station of the London and Brighton Railway Company. It appears that about 360 persons were waiting for the down train to the Crystal Palace, and among them were two sons of Mr. Samuel Ambrose Davis, a gentleman residing at 4, South-street terrace, Rye-lane, Peckham, and respectively 18 and 22. So soon as the train came into the station a rush was made by the persons assembled to get into the coaches, when the deceased fell between the platform and the line of rails, the wheels of the still moving train passing completely over his body and eating him in a shocking manner. His brother, seeing his fall, endeavored to rescue him, and in doing so sustained severe injury to one of his feet, two of the toes of which were severed by the wheels of one carriage passing over it. When extricated, the deceased presented a frightful spectacle, and expired almost immediately after being taken into a waiting-room at the station.

FATAL WRACK OF THE SPARKLING FOAM ON MARGATE SANDS.—A sad shipwreck took place on Margate Sands last week, during a heavy gale of wind from the eastward. The ill-fated vessel was the sparkling Foam, Captain Mackey, which left St. Katharine Docks at the close of last week, laden with a general cargo of merchandise, from Barbice. She was in charge of Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, an old-frigate-house pilot, and on the night of Monday she was making her way for the Downs when heavy weather was experienced, and she eventually struck upon Margate Sands. All exertions failed to get her off, and as the sea was breaking over the vessel with fearful violence, threatening her quick destruction, the order was given to lower the boat. In doing so one was stove, but the long boat was safely launched, and all on board, with the exception of Mr. Fairbairn (the pilot) and a seaman, had got into her, when the boat broke away, and could not return to the wreck. The night was dark, and the wind had considerably increased. It is supposed that the unfortunate vessel soon after went to pieces, the

pilot and seaman who were left behind perishing with her. There was no chance of their being saved. At daybreak Mr. Atkinson, a pilot, who was passing down with a ship, saw the hull of the ship parted in two, and the cargo floating about. The boat containing the captain, officers, and crew, was picked up in the course of the morning, and was taken to Whitstable. Some of the floating cargo has been picked up and taken to Margate and other places, but the loss of the ship and freight will amount to several thousands. The melancholy death of Mr. Fairbairn has created a painful feeling in the port of London. He was 54 years of age, and lived in Bromley-street, Commercial-road East.

MURDER IN HENRIKILLER.—A savage and mysterious murder has been perpetrated in the town of Henrikiller. The victim was named William Carleton, who kept a public-house in High-street. Early in the afternoon of Tuesday an inquest was held on the body, when the following facts were elicited. On the previous night, two young men, Henry Harris and James Griffin, after drinking in the house of Thomas Carleton, brother of the deceased, went to the deceased's house, who was a sealer of the 5th, who gave him some of Maguire, of Newbury, and some of a few minutes, it being then about eleven o'clock, leaving a man named M'Nair in the house. Miss Coalter, who lives near the door to the scene of murder, was awake after one o'clock, and heard a noise at Carleton's door, as of a little fighting, and a faint cry of "Murder!" Her father, Mr. William Coalter, heard a scuffle upstairs in Carleton's, and in short time one or two cries of "murder!" apparently at the door of the deceased. Mr. M'Nair and Mrs. M'Nair, who live in the same house in which Carleton was killed, but in a different part of it, heard no uncommon noise at all; but about twelve the former heard a knocking at the front door, but did not hear the door opened. After three o'clock he woke up, heard moans proceeding from below, and woke Mrs. M'Nair. When they went down they found the deceased lying in the hall, with his face in a pool of blood near the door, another pool of blood at the door, the back door wide open, and the front door unfastened. The deceased could not be spoken to, and asked to be taken to the hospital. He was evidently unwilling to tell what had happened him. He shook his head about nine o'clock, and then died. The police found pools of blood in the hall, in the front room upstairs, in the garden, and in a back kitchen. They found traces of blood on the carpet stairs, and in other places, and in a back house were two bloody wisps of straw, as if some one had wiped something with them. Mr. Nixon performed a post mortem examination during the inquest. The head and face were horribly mangled and disfigured. One of the wounds was a fracture of the skull and injury of the brain. That was the injury that caused death. Another wound had cut the neck for six inches, and cut half an inch into the jaw-bone. The wounds must have been inflicted by an instrument sharp enough to make a clean cut, and heavy enough to break the skull. A short heavy sword might do it. M'Nair, who was present at the inquest, in custody. It was considered that the evidence did not justify his detention, so he was released and examined. He gave a very confused account of himself. The jury could find no other verdict than that of murder against some person or persons unknown.

ANOTHER CRIMINAL FATALITY.—On Thursday a girl named Rose Parker, residing in Dudley, died from the effects of injuries received through her unpolite petulance taking fire. It appears that on Tuesday night she was in a fortunate girl, upon going to bed, placed her candle on a box by the bedside, and, whilst hanging up her dress on a hook, her candle came in contact with the candle, and immediately ignited. The girl rushed downstairs and into the street enveloped in flames, and as the door was late, no one came to her assistance, and she perished. The flames being extinguished, the body was found lying on the ground, and the poor girl was found to have been dead for some time. The body was so frightful a manner as to excite all the horror of the scene. She died in great agony.

MURDER AND ASSAULTS SINGLED AT BRIGHTON.—An inquest has been held before Dr. Black, Mag., the borough coroner, at the Swan Inn, High-street, Brighton, on the body of Emma Jane Jutten, a child six months of age, who was strangled by her mother on the morning of the previous day. The jury, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Emma Jutten, the mother of the deceased child, who was consequently committed to take her trial at the assizes.

THREATENING TO SHOOT TWO OFFICERS AT PRESTON.—A letter was recently left on the table of the orderly room at Fallowfield Barracks, Preston, intimating that Lieutenant-General Hardy and Assistant Surgeon Clarke must have been shot by the next morning, or the late Colonel Crofton and Captain Stephens, who were shot by Patrick M'Caffery, whilst they were walking across the quadrangle of the same barracks in September last. The reason alleged in the letter, as far as we have been able to gather, is, that the discipline was maintained.

STARVATION AND MURDER IN MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Humphreys has held an investigation at the Marylebone Workhouse into the circumstances attending the death by strangulation of a child named Henry Hamilton, aged about one year and eleven months, murdered by his mother, according to her own admission. The attending officer said he had been to the house, No. 9, Rebeck-court, where the murder had been committed, and the room occupied by the self-accused mother, her husband, and family was a dreadfully wretched place. The premises were let out in tenements, and all the occupants were as much surprised as he was, when they found there a woman who could be so cruel to her own child. He had no statement to elucidate it in any way. A little girl, sister of the deceased, was produced, who had been found lying in the same bed with the murdered brother. The coroner and jury were informed that on Sunday morning, when the police visited the house, she was removed to the workhouse in an exhausted state from starvation, and paralysed on one side, but was now recovering. The father, an emaciated looking man, who was present during the inquiry, wept bitterly at the sight of his child. The coroner, said it was one of those peculiar cases where the mother voluntarily confessed to the murder of her child while in a starving condition. Without any corroborating proof, whatever, under these circumstances, he hardly thought the jury would like to return a verdict of wilful murder against her in this case. He therefore recommended an adjournment until the week's prison permission for the prisoner to be brought before them. The inquiry was accordingly adjourned.

THE ROBBERY OF A BELLARY.—The following daring robbery of gold ornaments, bracelets, brooches, and other valuable articles of jewellery, the last taken place at No. 51, Hertford-street, Mayfair. The police superintendent of the division immediately employed some experienced detectives of his force to endeavor to trace the property. Upon strict inquiry being made by them they ascertained that the property had been stolen under very mysterious circumstances, as they could not find that any entrance had been obtained from without. The following are among the articles stolen:—A pearl necklace, the clasp of gold, in which a large marine stone was set; a gold bracelet, with clasp of turquoise in the central part, of Austrian workmanship, initials H. and L., and G. G. G. dated 27th Aug. 1857; seven gold bracelets of black and white enamel pattern; a gold watch, with winding two o'clock and 12 o'clock centre, engraved with "J. H. H. died 10th May, 1857" several other brooches, &c. A reward of £50 has been offered for such information as will lead to the detection of the thieves and recovery of the property.

ACCIDENT AT THE PATHEMONT.—Last week two pantomimic accidents occurred—one at Drury-lane Theatre and the other at the Victoria Theatre, which fortunately, however, were not fatal. At Drury-lane, Mr. Hinton, the Clown, in firing a pistol at the audience, Mr. Tanner, misdirected it, and unfortunately wounded the nose and upper part of the face of a young man, who was not seriously hurt. At the Victoria Theatre, behind the scenes, there was an escape of gas, and, considering the extent of the explosion, it is a perfect miracle the whole edifice was not altogether in flames. **ANOTHER FATALITY AT WANDSWORTH.**—On Saturday night, about half-past ten o'clock, a fire was discovered at Maystock, at Kewley, Wandsworth, which, it was evident, had been caused by an incendiary. After the flames were subdued, a man was heard a groan proceeding from behind a heap of earth about a hundred yards from the stack. There the owner of the stack—a small farmer named Bowers—was discovered, with his hands fastened behind him by means of a hedge stake, and his legs bound together, to prevent his escape. The man's statement is, that as he was going home on Saturday night he was met by two men, who seized him and threw him down; a third tied his legs and fastened his arms in the manner described, and on his attempting to make a noise they knocked his head against the ground. He cannot account for the fact of his being found about twenty yards from the spot where he was seized. He also states that his purse, containing two sovereigns and 7s. 6d. in silver, was taken from his pocket. The following morning the chief constable, on visiting the place, found a purse, but no money. The haystack was insured.

THE MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A LADY AT LEWES.—The inquest on Mrs. Roberts, the wife of a surgeon at Baitli, Sussex, has been brought to a close by Mr. Kell, coroner for the Rape of Hastings. Mr. Waite, who made the post mortem examination, stated that death had ensued from effusion on the pericardium, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly, adding that the conduct of the husband, Mr. Roberts, was highly censurable.

THE FATAL FALL OF A HOUSE IN POPLAR.—An inquest has been held at the Spotted Dog Inn, High-street, Poplar, by the coroner for East Middlesex, touching the deaths of Richard Goggan, aged 60, a labourer, Margaret Goggan, aged 53, his wife, and Mary Anne Goggan, aged 9, his daughter, who were killed on the morning of the 24th inst., by the fall of a house in Nelson-street, Poplar. The jury returned a verdict:—"That the deceased had died from suffocation in consequence of the fall of a certain house in Nelson-street, and that the fall of the said house was caused by the fall of a high wall on to and against it."

FRIGHTFUL OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday afternoon a frightful accident occurred to Joseph Dickinson, aged fifteen years, the son of a mechanic, who lives in Grape-street, Hunslet. The father of the boy is employed at the tool manufactory of Mr. Shepherd, Hunslet-lane, and during the afternoon he had to repair a strap which worked a portion of the machinery. His son was standing near, and (the machinery being in motion) one end of the strap somehow became entangled with his clothes. He was carried round the drum twenty or thirty times, and both his legs were fractured, his right arm was torn off from above the elbow, and he was otherwise injured. He was last seen removed to the infirmary, and is now in a precarious condition.

MURDER AT TREGANTLE FORT.—A murder has been committed at the new fort at Tregantle, which is the westernmost and one of the new line of fortifications for the harbour and arsenal of Plymouth, and the Dockyard at Devonport. On the works at Tregantle there are two blocks of huts, one of which, erected by Mr. Rice Mennie, of Plymouth, is principally occupied by Irishmen engaged on the works. It appears that the Irishmen engaged on the works made up parties on celebrated Christmas. One of these parties on Christmas eve assembled in the hut of a man known as Johnny Sands, and amongst the party was a man whose Christian name was Allen. This party had made themselves jolly with eating and drinking, when some difference arose between different members of the party. Johnny Sands and Allen involved themselves in the debate, and the foul words in the then condition of the men soon led to blows. Johnny Sands caught up the poker and struck Allen on the head a ferocious and terrible blow, by which he was stunned, and, as the event proved, death-struck. What was deemed his last breath was the wretched man, and with the fear that he would be well, the remainder of the party continued their jollification. Christmas Day was passed, but some time between twelve and two on Thursday morning the poor sufferer died. On this sad termination of the event of Christmas eve coming to the resident policeman's ears he communicated with his superior, and Sands was apprehended on the charge of murder. It does not appear that there was any ill-feeling between the prisoner and the deceased before the unfortunate drunken wrangle on Tuesday evening.

THE MURDER OF LORD DILLON'S GAMEKEEPER.—An inquest has been held at Charlbury on the body of Stephen Moulder, one of Lord Dillon's gamekeepers, who was shot by a peacock, while out walking in Ditchley Wood, on Thursday last. The deceased and another keeper, named Curtis, were watching in Ditchley Wood on the night named, when they encountered two poachers, one of whom, John Hall, turned round and shot Moulder dead. The other keeper, succeeding in capturing Hall, but the other prisoner escaped. He was, however, apprehended next morning, and has made several statements, admitting that he was in the wood at the time, with Hall, when he shot Moulder. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against John Hall," and he was removed to Oxford gaol.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT WHITECHAPEL.—Mr. J. Humphreys, coroner for East Middlesex, has held an inquest at the Grasshopper, Charles-street, Whitechapel, on the body of Mr. Henry Young, aged 45 years, a wealthy member of Jewish persuasion, who was found dead with his throat cut on a waste piece of ground near the Boys' Refuge, Commercial-street, Whitechapel. Mr. William Streilsky, of 12, Tottenham New-buildings, Whitechapel, said the deceased was an independent gentleman, lately residing at No. 5, Newbury-street, St. Mary Axe, but his relatives lived at Hamburg. The deceased had not exhibited any signs of insanity, but had left his home on Monday night, and had not been seen alive since. He was found lying on his right side, and the knife was about five feet from the body. There was an empty purse and a key in the trousers pockets but no money. The coroner said the case was surrounded with great suspicion, and he should adjourn the inquiry for a week, to give the police time to obtain further evidence.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.—A letter from Rome, in the *Post*, gives an account of a remarkable suicide which has taken place at Naples. A Mr. Kenrick, an elderly married gentleman, appears to have formed a liaison with a Miss Gray, a young and pretty Englishwoman, with whom he had been long at Rome and Naples. It appears that Mr. Kenrick's relatives in England, who are wealthy, paid no heed under the circumstances, to his application for assistance, and that the two thereupon resolved on suicide. From what subsequently transpired, it seems they must have gone directly to the public gardens of the Villa Reale, on the sea shore, where, the café being open, they took a glass of ram or rosolio. They then climbed over the low wall of the villa where a semicircular space overlooking the sea is furnished with stone seats, and descended on the beach, where Miss Gray tied her dress round her ankles, and filled it from the waist with sand. Mr. Kenrick effected the same purpose by filling the bosom of his shirt, and coat sleeves with sand and stones, Miss Gray supplying the necessary strings and tapes from her own dress. They then tied themselves together round the waist with their pocket handkerchiefs, and deliberately lay down to die in the sea, which at the point is not more than two or three feet deep. They had the resolution to endure suffocation, and their corpses were seen in the transparent water next morning at daybreak by a fisherman. Mr. Kenrick's life was insured for £3,000, which his heirs lose from the fact of his having committed suicide.

THREE CHILDREN FOUND MURDERED.—Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, held an inquest at the Black Horse Tavern, Kingsland-road, Shoreditch, on view of the body of a female child, found dead in a garden at Park-place, Margaret-street, Haggerstone. On Sunday two children found a parcel lying in a garden, and when the covering was removed the deceased was discovered. Mr. Waller, the coroner's officer, took charge of the body, which was examined by Dr. Clark, the parochial medical officer, who proved that the deceased had been born alive, and had died from hemorrhage caused by neglect at birth. Verdict—Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. A second inquest was taken by the same coroner, at the Spread Eagle public-house, Lower Homerton, Hackney, as to the death of a male infant, which had been found dead in London-fields, by Police Constable 164 N.—Mr. W. H. Wright, the division surgeon, said that the deceased had been born alive. The umbilical cord had not been secured, and death had resulted from neglect at the birth. Verdict—Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. A third inquiry was held the same evening at the King's Head Tavern, High-street, Poplar, upon the body of a newly-born infant, found dead under very suspicious circumstances, but the coroner adjourned the proceedings for a few days for further evidence.

STOCKING MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—A shocking murder was committed in Liverpool about eleven o'clock on Friday night. It appears that a Spanish sailor, named Lopez, at the time mentioned, was drinking in Fraser's dancing saloon in Broad-street, when another Spanish seaman, named Louis Edmond, came in and commenced to quarrel with a woman named Mary Jones, and ultimately struck her with a cane. As Jones had been in company with Lopez, the latter took up the quarrel, and adjourned with Edmond to the street for the purpose of fighting. After fighting for a short time Edmond drew a sheath knife and stabbed Lopez in the lower part of the abdomen, inflicting a frightful gash, from which the entrails protruded. The wounded man was at once conveyed to the infirmary, and Edmond was taken into custody by Inspector Nigby near the scene of the tragedy. Upon searching around the spot where the encounter took place the prisoner's knife was found. He was conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, and from among six men he was pointed out by his victim as the person who stabbed him. Soon after this Lopez died.

RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATE GARRISON FROM FORT WALKER, PORT ROYAL, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FEDERAL FLEET, NOV. 7.

Our engraving in page 197 represents the stampede of the Confederates from Fort Walker, after the bombardment by the Federal Fleet under Commodore Dupont. The firing of the fleet became so incessant and severe, that General Drayton, who commanded the Confederates, saw there was no chance of successful resistance. He accordingly gave orders for his men to abandon the fort and retreat to Scull's Creek, which separated Hilton Island from the mainland, so that their retreat might not be cut off. Our artist represents the retreat or rather flight through the intervening forest, the path being encumbered by the wounded and the dying. The scene sketched is about three miles from Fort Walker, the ships seen in the distance being the Federal fleet.

MUSIC OF THE "PURITAN'S DAUGHTER."

In a recent number of this journal (Dec. 14) we gave an illustration of one of the most striking scenes and situations in Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter," and it will therefore be only consistent to support that pictorial appeal to the senses by a few critical remarks. There can be no doubt that, although not the most pretentious, the "Puritan's Daughter" is the best of Mr. Balfe's operatic works. The airs throughout are peculiarly original, and seize at once upon the fancy; indeed, it could not be otherwise when we take into consideration the beauty of their melodic construction. Then, too, the concerted pieces and choruses, though so few in number, are singularly effective. Wherever the trio occurs, we may be quite sure of something very captivating from the hands of Mr. Balfe; and in this opera we have some compositions of this kind which are worthy of special notice. One of these is at the commencement of Act 2 (*Rochester, Clifford, and the King*). "By the tempest overtaken," the individual subjects of which are singularly attractive. In the trio where *Wolf* enters, the accompaniment is a marked and delightful feature; nor is the quarrel between *Charles* and *Clifford* (*Mary* being present) less worthy of eulogium. Talent of the first order is obvious in the concerted pieces throughout, but the orchestration is perhaps the most striking quality of this lyric triumph. It is a rare faculty, that of adapting the best possible instrumentation to a given subject; and, for the most part, the French school is in this respect our superior. At all events, Mr. Balfe need not fear competition with the best of them. One touch of "genius," let us say, makes the whole world 'kin; and that touch we have in the conspiracy scene. How exquisite is the prelude for the horns (a passage of extraordinary beauty which also occurs in the overture); and what a happy spirit of uncertainty, like the enchantment which distance lends to the view, is by this means thrown over the entire situation! There are many other fine things in this Opera which must place it high in the category of excellence, such as the severe sanctity of the Puritan strains in unison, the one-chord chorus (*Mary and Seymour*), and the phrasing of the last scene. Altogether, it cannot for a moment be doubted that this is one of the very finest works of which English Lyric art can boast up to the present time.

NEW MUSIC.

1. *Chappell's Juvenile Vocal Album.*
2. *Chappell's Vocal Christy-Minstrel Album. A New Selection.*
3. *Chappell's Christy-Minstrel Album. For the Pianoforte. Without words.*
4. *Chappell's Fashionable Dance-Book. For the Pianoforte.*
5. *Chappell's Standard Dance-Book. For the Pianoforte.*

Chappell and Co.

These will be found among the most acceptable musical *calendars* of the season; and it would really seem to be impossible that so choice a selection, so handsomely got up, could be given to the public for a "shilling." So, however, it is; and the wonder increases as we glance at the contents. In No. 1, the "Gentle Voices," the "Rose," the "Lady-bird," the "May-day," the "Morning Song," &c., &c., are all of a kind to take captive the youthful fancy, and, vocally, easy of acquisition. The "Vocal Christy-Minstrel Album," (No. 2) is a new selection of those favourite airs which have become, as it were, an "institution" among us, interpreted as they are by a new race of vocalists. And it would really appear worth while scientifically to discover how far the negro capability for melodious utterance may be cultivated. The selection here given is admirable; and the arrangements are by Barker, Osborn, Foster, and other names of note.—"Chappell's Christy-Minstrel Album" for pianoforte (without words), No. 3, contains no fewer than fifty airs, and may be considered as exhausting all the better portion of the "Christy" collection. Mr. Edward F. Rimbault has arranged these melodies with singular taste and acumen.—"Chappell's Fashionable Dance Book," for the pianoforte, is rich in subjects from the hands of Strauss, D'Albert, Launer, Labitzky, and other popular composers, and is a brilliant contribution to the music of the season. And then there is "Chappell's Standard Dance-Book"—which is English to the back-bone—with its happy selection of old and favourite national country dances, reels, jigs, strathspeys, hornpipes, and the like varieties in the musical festive code of "Merry England." A wide extension of the sale of works such as these cannot be doubted for an instant. Their merits are great on many accounts, and we wish them all possible success.

Remembrance of Early Days. Composed by Wilhelm Ganz. (Pianoforte.) Ransford and Son.

A very charming composition, and not over difficult. The *Tema marcato* is brilliant, and contrasts happily with the Andantino, and the peculiar characteristics of the Allegro Vivace, at the conclusion. The "Remembrance" bids fair to be much in request.

1. *Marche des Bohémiens, Russes, &c.* By W. Krüger. Ewer and Co.

A very light fantastic and pleasant composition is this march. Some may object that its subject is not sufficiently buoyant and bellicose; but it ought to be recollected that the "march" for the various purposes in which it has to do duty, should be as various in its characteristics as the waltz.

2. *Marche du Tannhäuser.* Wagner. Ewer and Co.

This wild and incoherent composition has been put together for the pianoforte in so careful a manner, that its eccentricities become much less noticeable. We have several other "marches" before us, but as they are by no means the most popular of composition, we will preserve them for future consideration, rather than tire our subscribers with more than enough "of a kind"—although Messrs. Ewer and Co. have for the most part exhibited much taste in their selections.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. Engravings from Original Compositions executed in Marble, at Rome. By John Gibson. (Drawn by Gubielmi, and engraved, under the direction of Gruner, by Langer, Ufer, and Siedentopf.) Colnaghi.

It is well nigh impossible to conceive a more charming work than this, reviving, as it does, in its fulness and beauty the cherished traditions of classical art. Canova and Gibson have infused a new life into forms of exquisite symmetry which sprung out of a religion otherwise no more, and

which has left not a trace of the influence it exercised over a people among whom it prevailed for so long a period. But it is not to the religion of Greece (a cult of little worth) that we refer by an indulgence of ideal association: it is to her literature, life, as it is, of the very essence of the beautiful. Therefore do we earnestly desire to put down the illiberal depreciation which can see nothing good in the Hellenic past, and would, at its expense, elevate some modern common-places to the sublime. Save us from such friends of what is very erroneously termed "progress" say we! But the most convincing argument we can offer will be this Book of Engravings—this art-transcript of the mind of one of the most accomplished men which the present age has produced.

2. *Liber Studiorum* of J. M. W. Turner. Cundall and Downes.

This is a collection of some thirty photographic (from Turner's impressions) superb drawings in the Kensington Museum. The negatives are by Mr. Thurston Thompson, and it is impossible to award too high a praise for the way in which the entire work is executed. The grand and sweeping mountain ranges are among the finest things of the kind we have ever seen.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

The Windham affair drags its slow length along, before the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." Another week has been spent in the elucidation of the habits and performances of the heir of Fellbrig Hall; but the evidence only shows that he was a foolish young fellow in the habit of doing stupid and out of the way things like many other young snobs with more money than brains, yet who have never had a jury to take cognizance of the state of their intellect, or settle upon them the recondit question where sanity ends and insanity begins. Instead of capsize apple stalls and wrenching off knockers like the fast men of the "Marquis of Waterford School," who were never put down as lunatics, young Windham was fond of acting the part of "guard" on the railway, of being noisy and demonstrative at the dinner table, of laughing and slobbering in an ungenteel manner, and while at school being rather a bit of a dunce. There are plenty, we opine, not a bit wiser than he is, whose sanity has never been called in question, but Windham is heir to fine estates, and he has grand relations who would like to "manage" them for him and profit thereby, could they only get him under the control of the mad-doctors. And there being plenty of property to cut and carve at, we may rest assured the lawyers will not easily abandon their prey. So far we have only heard the evidence on one side, and we shall be better able to give an opinion upon the entire matter when the case for the defendant is heard, as we are given to understand some of the highest medical authorities in the country will be examined in support of his sanity. Had it not been for his alleged megalomania, and the settlements professed to be made upon Mrs. Windham, *nee* Miss Willoughby, we would never have heard of the present inquiry.

A Mr. G. F. Train, who has distinguished himself as a tram-road speculator has been doing his best of late to make himself notorious as a politician and an authority on the American question; with this view he has been a regular attendant at one or two of our city debating clubs, especially the one known by the high sounding title of the "Temple Forum," held in a tavern called the Green Dragon in Fleet-street. He might have ventilated himself in that beery atmosphere long enough without accomplishing his object, had it not been that having some interest in a paper called [the *London American*], he committed his "forum" speeches to type, and had them published in that journal. At first he was a furious partizan of the North on the Trent affair, but last week he suddenly recanted and went over the "whole hog" to the British side, and repudiated his old opinions. This also appeared in the *London American*, the "speech" in the present dearth of exciting news was eagerly pounced upon by other papers as an evidence of our having amongst us a real live converted Yankee, and the *Morning Chronicle* was wicked enough to devote a leading article to his exposure, on Monday, in which his escapades in the Forum and elsewhere are cleverly and caustically shown up. Whether it will stop Mr. Train from further writing out and publishing his gin-and-water speeches remains to be seen. If he were a modest man it might have that effect, but we are afraid he has too good an opinion of himself to exhibit such a desirable amount of reticence. We shall see.

Mr. Felt, of Boston, Massachusetts, has invented a type-setting machine, which will be for compositors what the sewing machine has been for seamstresses. It has capacity, if required, for a thousand different characters, and for any quantity of each character. It will set up two copies at the same time, and in different type, properly "spaced," "lead," and "justified," at the rate of 15,000 letters an hour. It will also distribute the type after the work is printed: and, what is more, it keeps a register, by punching holes in strips of paper, during the composition; if at any time a reprint of the work should be asked for, the compositor has only to introduce the register into the machine, when, by an ingenious contrivance, the setting of the type goes on precisely the same as for the first edition. Printers may be excused for scepticism concerning this new wonder: but Mr. Felt is to have one at work in the Exhibition of 1862, when they will be able to see and believe.

Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Victories of Love" will shortly be reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, with some additional poems.

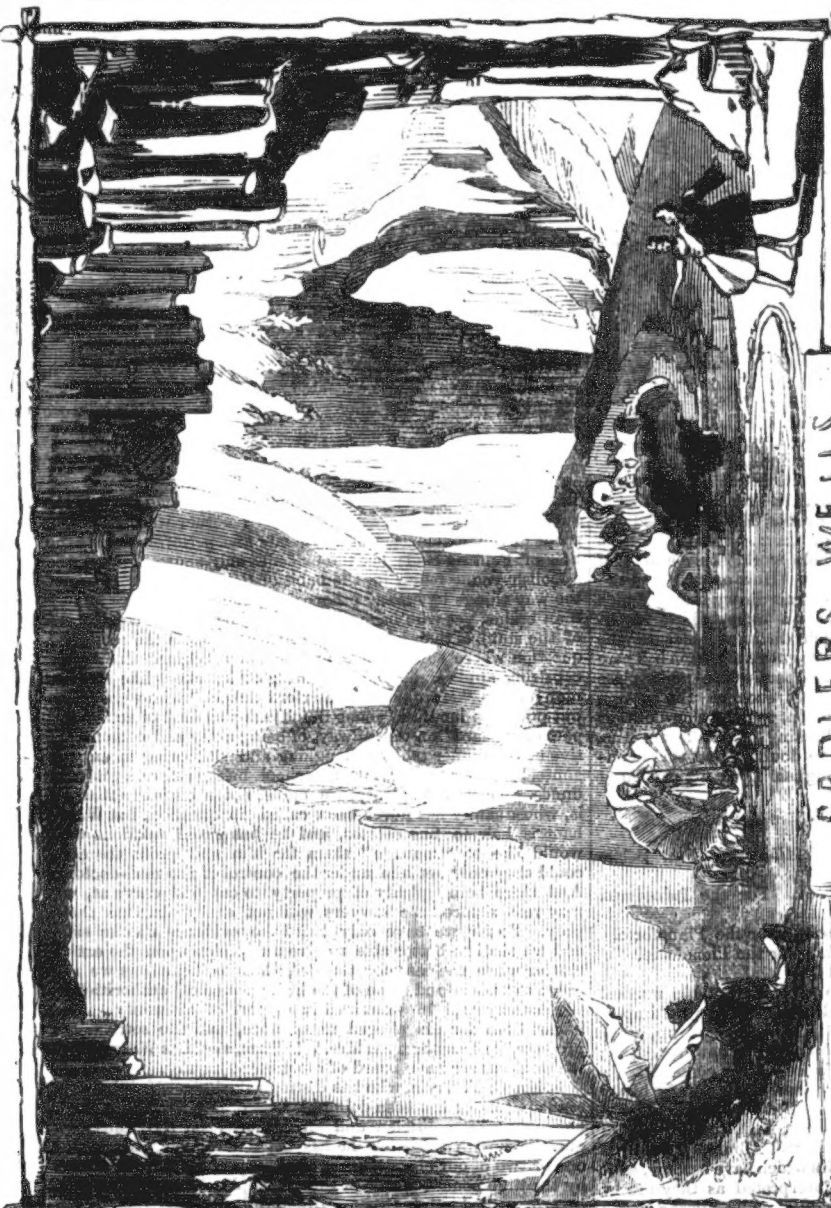
Mr. Sutherland Edwards's "History of the Opera" is printed, and nearly ready for publication.

The scheme for an Exhibition Gallery and School of Art in the North London district is still on foot, and likely to be carried out, as the subscription has already reached to an amount which is sufficient to encourage the prosecution of the plan.

At Manchester there is to be another collection of water-colour drawings, similar to that which proved so successful last year. It is expected to be opened in April next.

Than "In Memoriam" no modern poem is more frequently quoted, and Messrs. E. Moxon and Co., as a help to its correct quotation, are about to publish an index to it, in which every separate clause is referred to under the heading of one or more of the principal words contained in it.

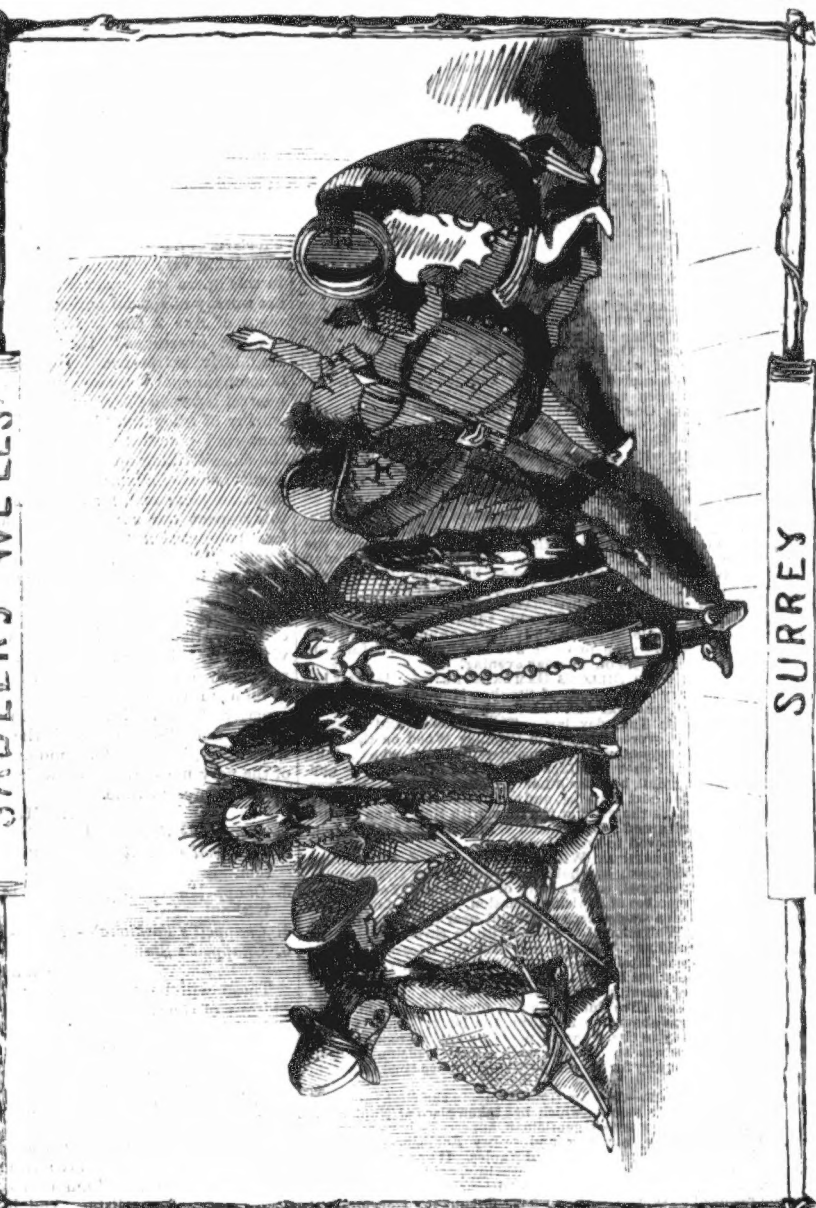
"The Poet of the Age," a satirical poem, with introductory remarks upon the decline of poetry, and critical notices, will be published immediately, by Mr. Hardwick.



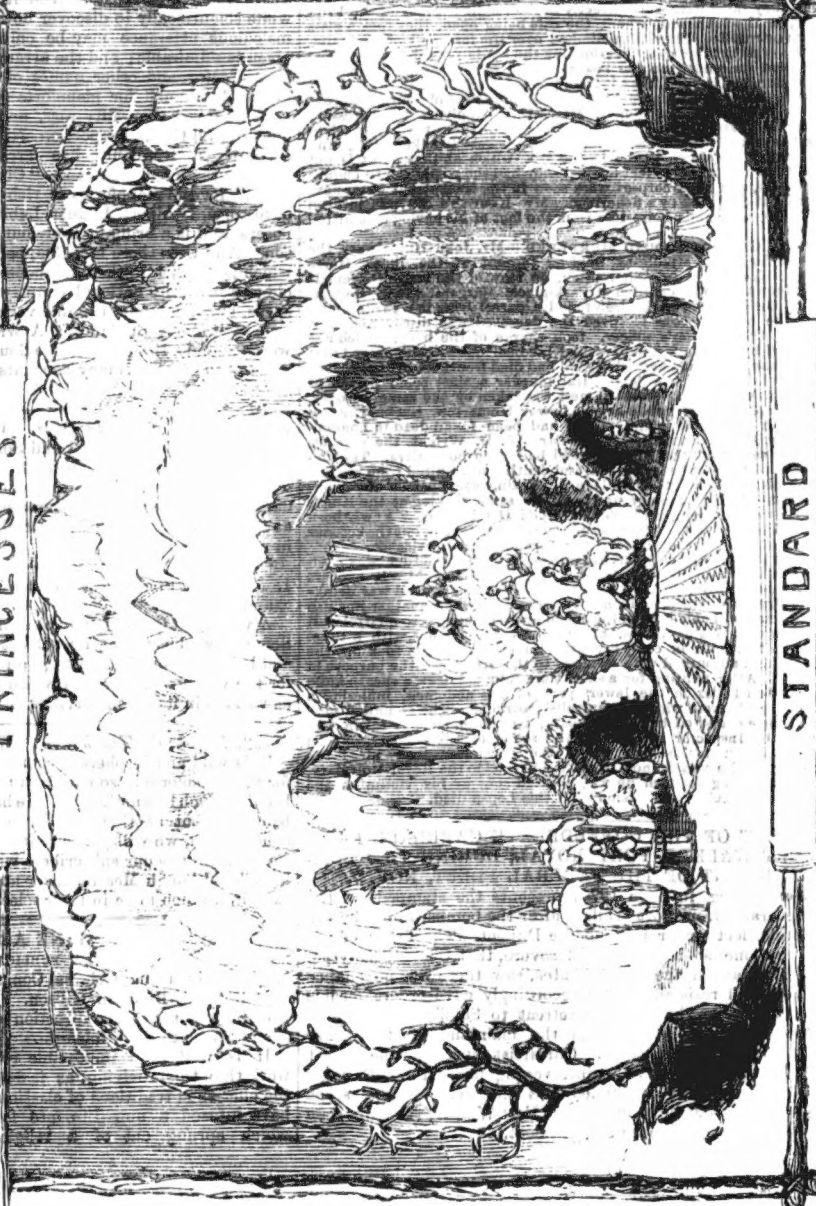
SADLERS WELLS



PRINCESSES

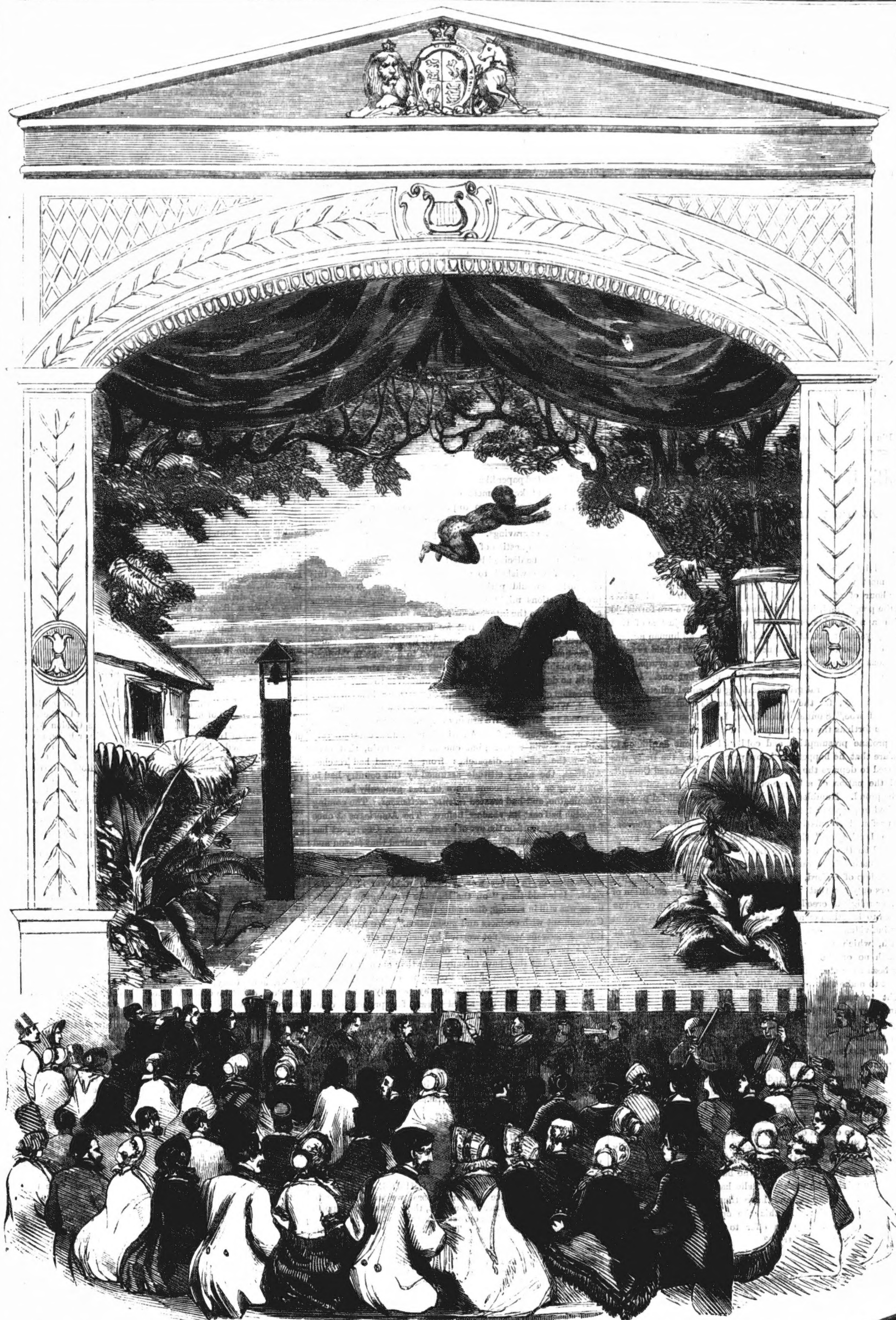


SURREY



STANDARD

ADDITIONAL SCENES FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.—EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE OF M. BLONDIN AS THE MONKEY.

ADDITIONAL SCENES FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GAMMA.—Buenos Ayres (good airs or climate) is pronounced as if written boo-nas i-ress.

J. A. F.—It was no fiction. A history of Dwarfs would not be an uninteresting volume. Yes—the dwarf Count Borowski had a sister much shorter than himself. The Count died in England in 1857. These dwarfs have often been very clever. Phileas was a distinguished poet. He was so small and light that he carried weights to prevent his being blown away by the wind. Jeffrey Hudson was once served up at table in a cold pie at a feast given to Royalty by the Duchess of Buckingham. It was this little man whose dignity was often defied by a Mr. Crofts. The dwarf challenged him to mortal combat. Crofts appeared with a squirt. This led to a more serious duel and Mr. Crofts was killed by his small antagonist.

ANGLO INDIAN.—Yes. The Secretary of State for India has decided that the Capital of British India shall be in the Himalaya Mountains as soon as railway communication is completed. This will take some years to complete. But after all Calcutta will also seem the natural capital. It has every possible advantage except climate, and that is capable of great improvement under a proper system of drainage and the clearing of all jungle.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour Post-office orders, payable at the Strand office, must be drawn. All communications in the literary and news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," as above.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY GOLDEN SKELET Y," "STORM BEATEN," &c.

No. 14, JANUARY 11, of

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, &c.

Will contain the first two chapters of one of the most powerfully written and exciting romances of modern time, entitled

THE SHADOW OF WRONG.

CHAPTER I. THE SHADOW IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER II. THE SHADOW IN THE VILLAGE.

Illustrated by a popular Artist. To be continued weekly.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

THE universality of sorrow throughout the British Isles occasioned by Prince Albert's death, and the profound sympathy and most affectionate loyalty exhibited towards the Queen in her hour of affliction, have been honourable to the character of the people, and, indeed, to human nature. We are furnished with a noble illustration of the error and injustice of that metaphysical speculation which attributes all human actions and emotions to pure selfishness, when we thus behold so many millions of homes more or less darkened by a sympathetic sorrow for the blow that has fallen upon but one. In the midst of this general grief, resembling the equal affliction of a single family, for the "whole kingdom is contracted in one brow of woe," Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford, stands forth as the one interpreter of the acts of God, and has the profane presumption and cold and insolent hardihood to declare that he happens to know precisely why the Deity was pleased to deprive the Queen of England of a beloved Consort, and the nation of a Prince of whom it had such good reason to be proud. Humbler Christians than this well-fed prelate, clothed in purple and fine linen, were content to bow their heads in profound submission to the inscrutable will of Heaven. "The Lord gave," they said, "and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "In the midst of life we are in death." This was all that they professed to know. Not so the Bishop of Oxford, who is in the secrets of the Almighty. Others only see that no age, or sex, or rank, or condition of life, or religious creed, or heresy, or amount of sin or virtue seems to lengthen or abbreviate the lease of life, or to exempt any individual amongst us from the mysterious visitation of death, which sooner or later is the inevitable lot of all, though no one knows the hour. The Bishop of Oxford, who has been so anxious to teach Christianity to foreign nations, ought to make that religion, like charity, begin at home. He ought to teach a better lesson to his own countrymen than they are able to learn from his example when they find him telling the afflicted Queen in her time of tribulation that her dear Consort's death was not according to the ordinary course of nature which applies alike to peasant and to prince, to old and young, to the pauper and the millionaire, for God had made Prince Albert's fate a special case—had made him a scapegoat under the sins of the nation of which he had been regarded as the ornament. The Queen, therefore, has no reason to be proud of a people whose sins are of so deep a dye as to have provoked the Almighty to take away her Consort. The people, if his be true, were morally his murderers. How, if this be the case, can she appreciate the sympathy of the very sinners who have caused her sorrow? Naturally might she wish that she had been the Queen of a more virtuous people, and have thus escaped her terrible domestic deprivation. Is this the only sort of consolation that a Christian Bishop can offer to his good and gracious sovereign in her hour of trial?

It is not only bad taste and bad logic, but bad feeling to convert the calamities of this mysterious life into punishments, to tell these who have lost a father, a husband, a child, or a

friend, that it is because God is angry, and must satisfy his wrath by a sacrifice of the innocent. The wish is but too often father to that thought. No amount of inconsistency checks the interpretations of the true bigot. If a theatre falls to the ground and kills the audience, it is explained to be the result of God's disapproval of theatrical representations; as if a church, too, did not sometimes tumble down upon the most orthodox of congregations! If a Bishop is killed by a falling wall, it is because in these days Nature does not suspend her laws even to save the good—an opera dancer is burnt to death, it is not because fire burns all inflammable things without reference to creeds or morals, but because the is a crime, and God deems it right to indicate his hatred of that amusement. But these are not the days in which Bishops may deal damnation round the land and escape the condemnation of their fellowmen who read their Bibles in a better and truer spirit than those who, instead of justifying the ways of God to man, seem to take so peculiar and perverse a pleasure in inventing the harshest possible interpretations of them.

The *Examiner* tells us a somewhat significant anecdote of the Bishop of Oxford and the lamented Prince Consort. The bishop solicited Prince Albert to support the claims of a person of doubtful opinions to a bishopric. The prince demurred. When the prince next saw the Bishop of Oxford he congratulated himself on having rejected the bishop's recommendation of his friend, for that friend had since gone over to the Church of Rome. "Had your Royal Highness," said the Lord Bishop of Oxford, "advanced my friend the apostasy would not have happened." "From that moment," says the *Examiner*, "the prince knew his man, and that man now treats the prince's death as a judgment." How far this anecdote is to be depended upon we know not, but we can hardly suppose it to be a pure invention.

AN illustrated paper like ours, of which an enormously large impression is taken to meet an immediate and immense demand, must necessarily go to press some days earlier in the week than other Saturday papers of more limited circulation, and without engravings. It may possibly happen, therefore, that the great question of peace or war between England and America may be decided before the date of this number of our paper. If we wished to play the part of a prophet this circumstance would perhaps perplex us; for our too confident prognostications might run the hazard of being in ludicrous contradiction to the intelligence received in London before the date of our publication. But we feel so sure that at this moment of writing nothing connected with the final decision of the question can yet be really known to any one in England—that nothing, indeed, is certain, but its uncertainty—that we are in no degree tempted to commit ourselves to any positive expression of opinion. The chances on either side seem pretty equal. Whatever may be the result—peace or war—we shall not be taken by surprise. We are in every way prepared for either. The latest intelligence from America is made up of contradictory gossip and wild reports; but one fact is certain, that even before the official dispatches from England had reached America, the angry attitude assumed by this country had in some way or other become more or less generally known in Washington, and had created intense excitement. The coming dispatch had cast its shadow before. The Americans at once felt that they were on the eve of a serious crisis. One report has it that the Federal Government was resolved that Mason and Slidell should not be given up on any terms, and another states that there is now a general disposition to give us all proper satisfaction, or, in other words, to do whatever is fair and right. It is said that, "on the 18th the Washington Government was still in session, discussing the demands of the English Government with coolness and moderation." We believe that if the Americans were not worried by their own civil war, they would be well enough disposed on this occasion to defy the Britishers; but they have already more than enough on their hands, and the decision of the French in our favour, as conveyed in M. Thouvenel's dispatch, may possibly not only influence their decision, but afford them a fair pretext to comply with our demands. If the affair comes to an amicable termination we shall be heartily rejoiced; but if war be forced upon us, thank God, we were never better prepared for it. In the latter case we should not take quite so long in making ourselves felt by the Northerners, as they have taken to evince their superiority over their Southern brethren.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*As You Like It*.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES, &c.

FROM the limited space at our disposal we were unable to notice all the pantomimes in our last, though we gave reports of the most of them. The omissions we now supply.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—The Christmas entertainment at this charming little theatre consists of a burlesque from the pen of Mr. J. H. Tully. It is rather a free parody on Verdi's opera of "Il Trovatore," but the freedom with which that famous opera has been converted into its new shape constitutes perhaps its greatest charm. Though consisting of

but one act, it has been subdivided, as well for purposes of convenience as of amusement, into eight "sensations." One of the best scenes in the burlesque is that in which a representation is given of the Epsom Downs on a Derby day. All the excitement of the course, not excepting the rush of the horses past the grand stand, is vividly portrayed. Mdlle. di Rhona takes a part in the burlesque, and lends it an additional charm by her imitable dancing.

STANDARD THEATRE.—The pantomime here is founded upon the pretty tale of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," and is entitled "Harlequin Prince Pretty and the Seven Fairy God-mothers." The story, as developed in the opening scenes, does not essentially differ from the original legend, except that the malevolent fairy is replaced by the King of the Gorrillas. There is a transformation scene of great splendour, and a new interest is imparted to some of the scenes of the harlequinade by the extraordinary performance of a couple of trained dogs, who obey the mandates of the clown with a docility and sagacity wonderful to behold.

CITY OF LONDON THEATRE.—Mr. Nelson Lee (the author of 211 comic pantomimes—ride bill) has selected "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene" as the title of the Christmas piece produced at this house, and has displayed all the ability that might be expected from such a practical inventor of pantomime. The piece has proved perfectly successful.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—The pantomime here is founded upon the curious legend of the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," and who had so many children she didn't know what to do, and who accordingly "gave them some broth without any bread, kissed them all round, and put them to bed." "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe; or, Harlequin and the Miller of the River Dee, and the Fairies of the Barley Sugar Bower"—for such is the rather lengthy title of Mr. Cave's pantomime—cannot fail to enjoy a long career of success. It is one of the best of the class of entertainment that we have seen for many years.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This theatre is now under the management of Mr. George Vining. The Christmas entertainment which he has provided is an extravaganza from the pen of Mr. W. Brough, entitled "Perseus and Andromeda." The piece is of course a travesty of Ovid's well-known story, which it turns into nonsense with much dexterity and humour. The Argive hero is presented with a great deal of spirit by Miss Catherine Lucette, who bids fair to become a favourite. Miss Lucette, besides acting with intelligence and vivacity, has a voice of pleasant quality, and turns it to good account. Miss Herbert is a very charming Andromeda, and delivers each speech with a ladylike grace that adds to rather than detracts from the point of the puns she has to utter. In the scene in which she is bound to the rock Miss Herbert's appearance is most captivating, her white robe standing out in admirable relief against the lurid background, and calling to mind the simile to which Mr. Kingsley, in his graceful poem, compares the maiden in this situation. The scenery, though not remarkable, is well and gracefully painted; and there is one effect, the petrification of a crowd by the exhibition of Medusa's head, which is likely to be much talked about.

QUEEN'S.—The pantomime at this house is "Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp; or, the Fairies of the Silver Bells." The plot of course was from the old story of "Aladdin," although in some instances the original was very much departed from, still on the whole it formed a very good foundation for a pantomime if well carried out. It will be needless to go through the incidents, which include the finding of the Lamp, the rage of the supposed Uncle at the loss, and the marriage of Aladdin with the Princess, the loss of the Lamp for a short time, but ultimate happiness restored by the Fairy of the Lamp. The Transformation Scene, the Golden Apiary of the Palace of Industry and the Court of Silver Bells, is very prettily designed. The comic scenes are very good, and well kept going by the aid of Mr. Fortune, as Harlequin; Columbine, Miss Fanny Douglas; Harlequina, Mrs. Robert Harrison; Clown, Mr. Robert Harrison; and Pantaloon, Mr. Gilmore.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—"The King of the Cures; or, the Triumph of Plenty over Monopoly" is the title of the pantomime produced at this house. The plot is less intricate than usual, and the hits at the passing follies of the time are very happy, and those which fell to the lot of Beppo (played by Mrs. S. Lane), are given with a piquancy and point which made them tell most effectively. She also sang the songs with which her part abounds in a manner which obtained much applause. "She was most ably supported by Mrs. W. R. Crawford as the Princess; Mr. John Parry, as King Monopoly; and Mr. C. Pitt, Mr. Marchant, Mr. Elton, and Mr. Harding in the other characters. Some of the scenes in the opening are replete with grotesque humour, especially the castle of King Cure, where all his retainers, soldiers, servants, and the nurses to the Princess are danced after the fashion of Mr. J. H. Stead, and all of whom go through the whole of the business of the scene, with a salutory to the tune of "The Cure." The transformation scene, representing a coral grotto and reef, painted by Mr. John Gray, was very beautiful, as also were all the other scenes. The comic business is good, and in it are two entire changes of scene, one from a cornfield to the new exhibition, and the house of Shakespeare to Shakespeare himself, which were very clever. The last scene, always the great one at this house, surpasses all such that has been done here before. It opens from a huge envelope, and displays pavilions and pillars, filled with and supporting fairies, and other beauties too numerous to particularise, and the appointment and decorations are gorgeous to a degree, that bespeaks an almost princely liberality on the part of the manager. The pantomimists are the same that have been here for some years.

EFFINGHAM THEATRE.—This commodious theatre was reopened on Boxing Day for the performance of the new grand pantomime, entitled "Hey Diddle Diddle the Cat and the Fiddle; or, the Clock and the Spoon and the Nice Old Cow that Jumped over the Moon." The house was crowded in every part at the morning performance, and, although the prices of admission were doubled in the evening, the place was crammed to the ceiling. The pantomime is one of the best we have seen at the East end of the Metropolis for many years, and reflects the highest credit on the exertions of Mr. C. J. Bird and Mr. Frederick Abrahams, under whose joint superintendence the business has been carried out.

THE PAVILION THEATRE.—The pantomime here is entitled "Okeo Pokeo Wankee Fum, How do you Like Your Taters Done; or Harlequin and the Gorilla King of the Cannibal Islands." It has been received with an amount of enthusiasm

that at once stamped its most perfect and unmistakable success.

GRECIAN THEATRE.—The new pantomime of "The Fair One with the Locks of Gold; or, Harlequin Gorillaum, and the Ring, the Giant, and the Waters of Beauty," was brought out here for the first time on Christmas Eve, when it made a most decided hit, and Mr. Coquest may congratulate himself upon having an entertainment which will prove a stock attraction for some time to come, and add materially to the reputation which this favourite house has acquired for pantomime since it has been under his management.

We have on page 203 supplied several illustrations of the pantomimes which were omitted last week from the want of space.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS.

SEE PAGE 201.

At the Crystal Palace the chief attraction of the holidays has been M. Blondin on the high rope, in the central transept. His performance is of the usual character, and is only remarkable for one novel variation, namely, the feat of getting in front of his pole, rising with it behind him, and carrying it in that position. The Blondin exhibition has been followed by a *mélange* of nigger singing, dancing, and amusing buffoonery, the chief actors in which are the "imitable Mackney" and the Perfect Cure. The final performance is a grand ballet pantomime on a stage erected opposite the Handel orchestra. This ballet introduces M. Blondin as an ape, and Miss Adele Bloadin, a pretty little child, as a boy, whom the sagacious and benevolent brute saves from drowning, and adopts with parental tenderness. There is a tragic end to this ballet; for the ape is shot just before the discovery of his good deeds is made. M. Blondin astonished the spectators, not only by a marvellously close imitation of monkey manners, but in a much greater degree by feats of strength and daring. Having run up a rope from the proscenium to a side gallery of the transept, he seized another rope, which was suspended from the centre, and, holding it as a bellringer would do, took a flying leap across the immense width of the transept; in the same way he afterwards regained the stage. The effect of these astounding feats on the spectators was electrical. Apart from the extraordinary performance of M. Blondin, the ballet is very well acted, and was set off by some admirable scenery. We have in our illustrations represented M. Blondin, as the monkey, making one of his most daring and characteristic leaps from one side of the stage to the other at a great elevation.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATTHEWS AT HOME.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews have been giving their performances every evening. The varied experiences of Mr. Matthews told in strains by turns pathetic and gay, find eager listeners.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry are given every evening. Mr. John Parry's musical story of the "Colleen Bawn," and Mr. German Reed's song, "Mamma won't you bring her out," were enjoyed by large audiences.

THE POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—This place of amusement, in King William-street, Strand, was opened on Boxing night for the season, with a new and original entertainment, entitled, "Our Budget of Eccentricities," by William Wilhelm Costello, Miss Gertrude Melvin (from Laura Keane's, New York), and Miss Nelly Nesbitt.

M. ROBIN, THE WIZARD.—The performances of this very potent enchanter have been well patronised. His latest device is an enchanted Christmas tree, which sheds its fruit upon the audience at each performance.

Literature.

One Hundred Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Drama and Dramatic Poets down to the Nineteenth Century. By B. C. JONES. In numbers. London: Thomas Hailes Lacy. 1861. Nos. 1 and 2.

We have postponed our notice of this work from week to week out of kindness to the author, making it a question whether it would not be advisable to pass it over altogether; but as we have been reminded of our promise to call attention to it, we must now do our duty, though it is by no means an agreeable one. Mr. Jones fixes a masonic emblem on the cover of his book, and as we happen to be a Mason, it is, of course, a sort of appeal to our sympathies. But he has no right in his capacity of author to hang out this sign, because criticism is not a mere question of feeling or sociality; and if, instead of being a brother Mason, he had been our nearest blood relation—"though he had twinned with us both at a birth"—we should have been unable to recommend his first and second Lectures to the public, nor could we have affected to look forward to the publication of the remaining ninety-eight with a very pleasurable impatience. A century of lectures by Mr. Jones seems a large number indeed for the public to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. What is play to him might be death to us. We tell us that he could write a thousand lectures on one English poet alone, "ay, ten thousand, and then begin again, finding new matter for another thousand or two." Thank Heaven, we are not obliged to read them. A paragraph from his preface will show what kind of a writer is this Mr. C. B. Jones:—

"I am not vain enough to imagine that I shall immortalise myself by my attempt to elucidate the drama and dramatic poets to your capacities, but I am ambitious enough to seek the praise and approbation of my fellow-men; therefore, if I can produce anything of merit deserving your good opinion on, accord it freely, or if I twiddle and waste good paper! deal with me in the same spirit. If the food I produce is worth your feeding upon, digest it well and I will afford you a fresh repast every week; or if it does not agree with your taste, you can eschew it altogether. I must confess I'd rather have your support than otherwise, for it will encourage me to exert my genius and to try if I cannot be agreeably useful to my fellow citizens; and, furthermore, if I do succeed, how glorious it will be to think I shall not be altogether forgotten to posterity. 'Tis the natural vanity of mankind to desire this; life, 'tis said, is all vanity—some people add that a little vexation of spirit it sometimes commingled with it. How generous then, my friends, it will be on your part to encourage my vanity by making me believe I am amusing and enlightening

you, and how gratifying it will be to you to know you are not occasioning me any vexation of spirit in not disappointing my hopes. I candidly confess and freely admit that I want your support—how else will I be incited to proceed to the issue of what I contemplate? This will depend upon the extent of support I receive; by that I will have to decide if I venture to issue these numbers, which I ask you to purchase to edify yourselves and replenish my exchequer or not. 'Money's the thing,' they say, 'that makes the mare go,' and as the song says, 'I want money, I want money,' spend a little of your cash, and don't despair of an adequate requital."

We have here neither good sense nor good English. The writer reminds us of what Dr. Johnson said of Capel, the commentator on Shakespeare, "If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words; for as it is, he doth 'gabble monstrously.'"

It is a "When thou would'st bubble like a thing brutish, I endow'd thy purposes with words."—*Prospero to Caliban.*

pity that our author had not solicited some candid and critical friend to look over his performance before submitting it to the public eye. He tells us that if he "twiddles and wastes good paper, we are to deal with him in the same spirit"—that is, we suppose, not to twiddle and waste good paper in the same style, but to "accord" our opinion "freely." To use his own pleonastic phraseology we must accordingly "candidly confess and freely admit" that he really does "twiddle and waste good paper." "Make all the money thou canst," says *Iago to Rodrigo*. Mr. Jones stands in need of no friend to urge him to make money. He seems to have a full sense of the worldly value of what Pope calls "yellow dirt," and to have no great respect for literature for its own sake, but to regard it chiefly in the light of a commercial speculation. He asks us to give him some of our spare cash, and to expect in return our money's worth. But we should be sorry to invest five pounds in his hundred lectures, for they will be dear indeed at a shilling each, if they are all like numbers 1 and 2. Though money is apparently our author's main object, he desires to be "not altogether forgotten to (by?) posterity." It is impossible for posterity to forget Mr. Jones; for it is impossible that posterity should ever hear of him.

Jones is a Welch name, but our author's use of *shall* and *will* would make us take him for an Irishman. "How else will I be incited?" "I will be drowned," said Paddy, "and nobody shall save me." His style is altogether outrageously bad. Tolerably good English composition—that is to say, a decently accurate style—is now so common that such writing as we find in these lectures takes a critic by surprise. "I hope," says Mr. Jones, "to lay before you such lucid definitions of impressions as may perhaps gain me your confidence, and entitle my works to your regard with favour and esteem." Here is a severe economy of words! We suppose, from the hint in the following singularly smooth and elegant verses, that our author is one of those who are "doomed a father's soul to cross, and pen a stanza when they should engross," or make out bills of lading.

To bring the angels, demons, furies, and the spirit
Of my own imagination "to the world's light!"
How can one to whom commerce has been devoted,
In literature expect to be noted?
'Tis not our fate in looking for public favour
To find response (unless cautious in behaviour).

Our author's verse, it will be seen, is quite equal to his prose. He exhibits in both the same lavish liberality in the use of words. Observe, for instance, the *waters, torrents, rivers, streams, and eales and valleys*, in the following passage.

And many more
Whose waters o'er rocks in torrents pour;
Through valleys, through valleys, o'er plains are now led
Rivers and streams from Oceanus' bed.

Here are a few perfectly novel rhymes, or "like-endings":—

Then Saturn, he of majestic form
From this consorted union was born.

For through information 'twas discovered
That Saturn's children were not all smothered.

And mighty Jupiter, also Pluto—
Don't you think Rhca was right (ladies) to do so!

Mr. Jones had better quit the temple of the Muses and go back to the counting-house. He may make more money as a counter-caster—"a mere arithmetician"—in a few months, than as a literature in as many years. Let him play the truant no longer, and for the future "be cautious in his behaviour;" not for the sake of literary fame, a phantom to him which, as he follows flies—but for his own peace of mind and substantial prosperity in life.

Storm Beaten; or, Christmas Eve at the "Old Anchor Inn."
By Williams Buchanan and Charles Gibbon. Ward & Lock.

Among the many Christmas books which have lately been issued by metropolitan publishers, this little volume recommends itself not more by its cheapness than by the generally interesting nature of its contents. It is a collection of short stories, in some of which we recognise old favourites, and which are woven together in one gradual dramatic action by a main plot of an exceedingly exciting nature. The ship *Boomerang*, being storm beaten, is compelled to put back for repairs into a little seaport, known by the quaint name of Scuttleton-upon-Keggs. Here, in the *Old Anchor Inn*, crew and passengers congregate together on Christmas Eve, and, on the suggestion of one of the party, regale each other with *divers songs and stories*. The stories over, an exciting termination is put to the evening's festivities, for the mate of the *Boomerang* is suddenly identified as the perpetrator of a murder which took place in the "Old Anchor" ten years before. Shortly afterwards the *Boomerang* sets sail, leaving behind her the mate and two of the passengers—*Henry Hardman*, who tells the story, and his sweetheart, who follows him in the disguise of a cabin boy. A parental interdiction having been withdrawn, the young lovers are happily married, and the eventual occurrence of that Christmas Eve come to a satisfactory termination. In summarising the main outline of the book, we have purposely neglected to mention any of these details which render the story artistically complete. For further description we must refer the reader to the book itself. Some of the stories are of a most exciting nature, and all are free from that vulgar clap-trap which so frequently distinguishes tales of their class. It is no small praise to the authors to say that they enlist the reader's most earnest attention throughout, without once having recourse to the sensational machinery

of fourth-class periodicals. One of the strangest stories in the collection is that from which we make the following extract. It is a story of mesmerism, and becomes quite tragic in its subdued power:—

"One evening on my return from town, weary in mind and body, a strange sadness seemed to fall upon me as I entered our little cottage. It would itself round me despite all my efforts to shake it off, and it tightened around my heart when I went into the parlour and found it vacant.

"I was still standing at the door, when I heard the rustle of a dress, and looking round I saw Miss Dupesne standing beside me much paler than usual, and with her lips firmly compressed, as if to hide the agitation which was apparent in her every movement. I felt certain that something had happened, and pressing my hand upon my temples closely examined the features of my companion. Quivering in every limb, and with my heart standing still, I gasped at length,—

"'Alice—my wife?'

"'Is dead!' was the cold, steady answer.

"I staggered; then I tried to rush to the bedroom; but I fell into a chair, and remained speechless, helpless.

"Miss Dupesne, with a quiet tenderness, which almost maddened me by recalling vividly to my memory the wife who was now lost to me for ever in this life, bathed my head with some cold water.

"How long I remained in this state of half-stupefaction I am unable to say. I remember Miss Dupesne passing her hands softly through my hair; then darkness; then a sensation of awakening from painful dream. It must have been then about the middle of the night. On looking at my watch I found that it had stopped at a quarter to one o'clock.

"An irrepressible desire to go up to the chamber which held all that remained of my love caused me to rise, and almost before I was fully conscious of whither I was going I was at the door of the bedroom. I had now fallen into that state of calm which overtakes all in utter despair. I turned the handle of the door and entered; all was dark. My breath seemed to gather into one leaden mass in my chest as I approached the bed, treading softly, as if I feared to wake the dead.

"I paused; it was too much for me to bear. My limbs became weak, and I would have fallen had I not just then stretched out my hand and found a chair, into which I instantly dropped.

"I bent forward and kissed the cold, cold brow. Then I took one of her hands into mine. A moment's shudder ran through my whole frame. 'My God!' the hand was warm and lifelike. I fell to the ground insensible.

"How long I lay in my swoon I know not. It may have been one hour, and it may have been ten minutes. While I lay, slowly recovering, I seemed conscious of a dark shadow that swept by me with a rustling sound and faded away in the dusk. Every pulse within me appeared to throb with hot blood, clogging and choking me. Then I became oblivious of everything.

"When I recovered my senses I was lying on the floor of the room. Candles had been brought, and Miss Dupesne and the servant were bathing my forehead with vinegar.

"Where am I? I cried faintly.

"There was no answer; but in a moment the consciousness of what had passed flashed upon me. I clenched my teeth together like iron, made a strong effort, and sprang to my feet. I felt firm and dreadfully calm. Without a word I snatched a light from the servant's hand, and moved to the bedside. There she slept, in her wifely holiness, in all the cold and calm profundity of death. I seized her hand—it was quite cold. I laid my hand upon her heart—it moved not. I pressed my mouth to the pale ashen lips—they were cold as ice.

"Come away!" whispered the calm clear voice of Miss Dupesne. "This trial is too much for you."

"I was led from the room like a child by Miss Dupesne. We walked down-stairs to the parlour. I flung myself into a chair with a moan, and hid my face within my hands.

"Be comforted," said Miss Dupesne.

"O Alice! my wife, my wife!" I sobbed bitterly.

"It is too late to grieve. Forget the past, Mr. Arden, and be comforted. Your lost lady was not the only woman in the world capable of loving you, and you may yet be happy."

"Almost unconsciously I lifted my gaze to her face. She was seated at my side. Her dark eyes were fixed in a hard stony gaze upon my own, and they would not be shaken off. They embarrassed me, made me rude.

"Why do you look at me thus?" I cried.

"She did not remove her eyes, but she smiled fiercely.

"Because I would teach you resignation, faith, happiness.

Have patience, patience. She is dead."

"Leave me!"

"She smiled again triumphantly.

"I will never leave you," she said, in a low, measured accents. "'Listen, Edgar Arden; I love you!'

"Our eyes still met each other firmly. I was too horror-struck to speak.

"I love you. I have loved you ever since my arrival in this house. The only obstacle to my love lies yonder, dead—a weak woman, with the head of a babe. I love you, then; and I have power to make you happy. Marry me."

"Am I mad?" I cried, and I laughed a horrid discordant laugh.

"Edgar Arden, you cannot resist me. For months I have been subjecting you to my influence, to my power, and sooner or later you must yield. You shudder. What, am I misformed, repulsive, or uneducated? No, I am a woman, not a pretty plaything, such as you have just lost. And I love you—love you."

"What fiend possessed the woman? Ladies and gentlemen, I am firmly convinced that, had I any longer encountered the power of that woman's eyes, I should have yielded to her in everything, even to the sacrifice of the soul of my wife. A devilish passion began to creep hotly through my veins. I was added the slave of some terrible influence."

We must not forget to mention that the contents of the volume are exceedingly well diversified, and that the author seems equally at home in all veins. The rhythmical stories are particularly good, and show genuine poetic power. In some of them we recognise a hand which has contributed successfully to the columns of the best monthlies.

A memoir of the late Mrs. Gore, the authoress of some hundred novels, is, we hear, preparing for publication.

ATELIER OF THE SCULPTOR RAUCH.

THERE are few objects in the old quarter of Berlin, known as the Royal Town (Koenigstadt), more worth seeing than the studio of the late Professor Rauch, the greatest sculptor, next to Thorwaldsen, whom the century has produced. The studio in question, of which we give a faithful engraving on the next page, formed part of a curious building, formerly a convent of nuns, and still designated as the *Graue Kloster*, or Grey Convent. It was here that Rauch planned and executed his masterpieces, and also received his visitors, among whom were many of the notabilities, and not a few even of the crowned heads of Europe. On the outer gate of this atelier was inscribed, in large letters of gold, the following singular motto of the sculptor, expressed in the form of three questions and three answers:—

Wer ist meister?—Wer was ersann.
Wer ist gesell?—Wer was kann.
Wer ist lehring?—Jedermann.

Which may be given in English as:—

Who is master?—Th' inventive mind.
Who is workman?—The skilful maker.
Who is pupil?—All mankind.

These simple lines give a good idea of the social and artistic views of the great German sculptor. A few more facts and dates will suffice to sketch Professor Christian Rauch.

He was born January 2, 1777, the son of a valet of the reigning Prince of Waldeck, one of the petty Sovereigns of Germany. His Serene Highness took an interest in the boy, and ordered him to be given as apprentice to a Mr. Valentine, "sculptor of the Court." Young Rauch, however, did not profit much under the tuition of this gentleman, but was glad to run away to Berlin, where he was for some time in great distress, gaining his bread as a waiter; but then had the good fortune to find a better patron than his Serene Highness in the person of Wilhelm von Humboldt. The latter introduced him to Thorwaldsen, under whose tuition he made rapid progress. Orders from the Prussian Court and nobility now followed in rapid succession, and in a few years Rauch had more work on hand than he could possibly execute. In 1815 the King of Prussia gave him commissions for the statues of General Scharnhorst and Bulow, which were completed in 1822. As early as 1824 Rauch had executed with his own hands more than seventy busts in marble, of which twenty were of colossal size. But this amount of work was only produced by indefatigable industry. The sculptor laboured incessantly, not infrequently depriving himself even of the hours of rest to finish a piece of work. Among the chief creations of Rauch, all produced without any assistance whatever, are a statue of Goethe from life; the monument of Albrecht Durer at Nuremberg; the colossal figure of Victory at the Walhalla; and a beautiful Naad, now in the possession of the Czar Alexander II. But the greatest work of the sculptor is the statue of Frederick the Great, the pride of the city of Berlin, placed not many years ago at the upper end of that unique thoroughfare known as Unter den Linden. Rauch died suddenly at Dresden, where he had gone to consult a physician, on the 3rd, December, 1857. His death was mourned as a national calamity.

Lord Rokely has been dispatched from Paris to Cannes, to take charge of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, who will spend the winter there.

Government has made arrangements to fortify the mouth of the River Humber in order to protect the port of Hull.

Arrangements are now in progress for extending the Post Office savings bank system to Ireland.



MR. SOTHERON, AS LORD DUNDREARY, IN THE PLAY OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN," TRYING TO SNEEZE.

THE WEATHER IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* writes from Kelso:—"The rivers are nearly all ice-bound. The smaller waters are all frozen over, and on long reaches of the Tweed, both above and below Kelso, sliding or skating may be indulged in. At present one can walk on the frozen Tweed from Kelso to Sprouston, three miles farther down the river, and at Kelso Bridge the water is almost entirely frozen over. Large numbers of persons daily enjoy themselves on the glassy surface of the Tweed in skating, curling, sliding, and foot-ball.

MR. SOTHERON AS LORD DUNDREARY.

ONE of the greatest successes achieved this winter in the dramatic line, has been the personation of Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's play of "Our American Cousin," produced recently at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The make-up in dress and figure, the tone of voice, and the language and half stupidity of the exquisite, are inimitable, and the result has been a most unequivocal success. We represent Lord Dundreary trying to "Sneeth," as he calls it, which, to him, is the work of the gravest effort, and in which he never fails to call forth the risible faculties of his audience. His reading of his "Brother Sam's" letter is another of his great hits, which nightly calls forth the unusual honour of a repeat. Mr. Sotheron is an Englishman, though a considerable portion of his life, as an actor, has been spent in America, where he was a very successful performer. "Our American Cousin" was written for him, and first produced in New York theatre.

SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

This engraving represents a not unusual scene on the Danube, in which a party of mounted men is represented crossing the river, and dragging a boat after them. The Danube is one of the most important watercourses in Europe, and has been the scene of many remarkable events. It has become especially interesting through the gallant struggle made in 1848 and 1849 by the Hungarians to throw off the Austrian yoke, and more recently through the conflict between the Turks and the Russians in Wallachia and Moldavia. The river, which rises in Germany, runs past Vienna, and after dividing Bohemia and Hungary, the capitals of which are situated on its banks, it skirts Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia in its progress to the Black Sea. Recent occurrences in the land of the Magyars seem to indicate that stirring events will, ere long, take place on the banks of this historic stream.

THE MERCHANT SERVICE AND THE NAVY.

A MEETING of captains and other persons connected with the merchant service was held on Monday in the Cotton Sales-room, Liverpool, for taking into consideration the recent regulations of the Lords of the Admiralty for granting commissions in the royal navy to captains and officers of the merchant service. Mr. S. R. Graves, ex-mayor of Liverpool, occupied the chair, and in opening the proceedings he stated that there were at present 31,000 men, comprising the coastguard naval volunteer reserve, ready to defend our shores in case of invasion, or to offer their services should they be required for other purposes. He expressed his regret that in Liverpool the number coming forward for the naval reserve services had been so limited, as only 359 men had up to the present time enrolled themselves, while in other places the number was relatively much greater. Aberdeen mustered 271 men, Hartlepool 436, Dundee 408, Bristol 350, Sunderland 857, and Shields 924. Mr. Graves, in the course of a patriotic speech, pointed out the importance, in a political crisis like the present, of manifesting loyalty and enthusiasm to the cause of our Queen and country.

Resolutions similar to those passed at the London meeting were then unanimously adopted.

WAR WITH AMERICA.—An influential meeting to protest against war with America was held at Halifax on Friday. A memorial to Lord Palmerston, praying for arbitration, was unanimously adopted.



SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

It was a miserable foggy day when I reached London. It was the first day in November, and I had long hoped before that month of November was out to have begun the legal battle with Lady Elfrida for the re-possession of Ravelin. But now that I had a surer hold upon her I despised the slow yet certain operation of the law in a plain case of wrong. Again, I forced myself to believe that if I could attain by other means than those of the law the end I had in view, I had a right to put them in force when I remembered the extreme expense attending the administration of law in England, and the inability of both myself and Lady Falconridge to meet it.

Previous to my discovery of Herman's real birth I had determined to act in the following manner. I say I had determined to act, because Lady Falconridge and Constance had been generous enough to place the whole business in my hands. My intention was first to question the validity of Lord George Falconridge's will, by virtue of which Lady Elfrida had gained Ravelin. My argument was that the very nature of the will proved that its framer was of unsound mind, for I urged that did Lady Falconridge show evidence of insanity then was the

time when she could least strive against poverty, and that therefore to deprive her of the means of existence when she most required them was a proof of madness in the testator. If this argument had broke down I was then prepared to urge that there was no legal evidence of Lady Falconridge's madness, and that therefore Elfrida could not legally claim Ravelin till she had legally been proved to hold it by the law of her uncle's will.

The discovery at Koernac, however, overthrew the appeal to law—at all events until its value had been tried. To the lawyers Lady Falconridge's case appeared so very clear and reasonable that Mr. Maldring was astounded when I called upon him two hours after my arrival in London, and told him to stop all proceedings, and pay the costs of the other side without any hesitation. I gave him a blank, signed check as a proof that I was in earnest.

"This is a rash proceeding," said the lawyer.

"My dear Maldring," I returned, "I remember the law has been standing still all through this vacation, therefore any proceeding is preferable to it."

"What," said the lawyer, "have you also vulgar prejudices against us lawyers?"

"Well, vulgarities rule in England," said I, as I saw the lawyer's eyes fixed inquiringly upon me.

"I see you have received news," said the lawyer.

"On the contrary," I returned, "I have found it out."

"I do not ask you to tell me," said the lawyer, "but I also have found something out."

Mr. Maldring smiled with very peculiar meaning as he uttered these words.

Well, I had not promised the poor duchess to hide her secret, though I had promised myself, if only for the family honour, to keep it as much to myself as possible, but Maldring was a cautious deliberate man, who did not like to compromise himself, and therefore I felt sure that, when he said he had found something out, his information was really worth knowing.

Strong as I was I still sought to be stronger, so I said, "Well, Maldring, you tell me your discovery, and I'll tell you mine."

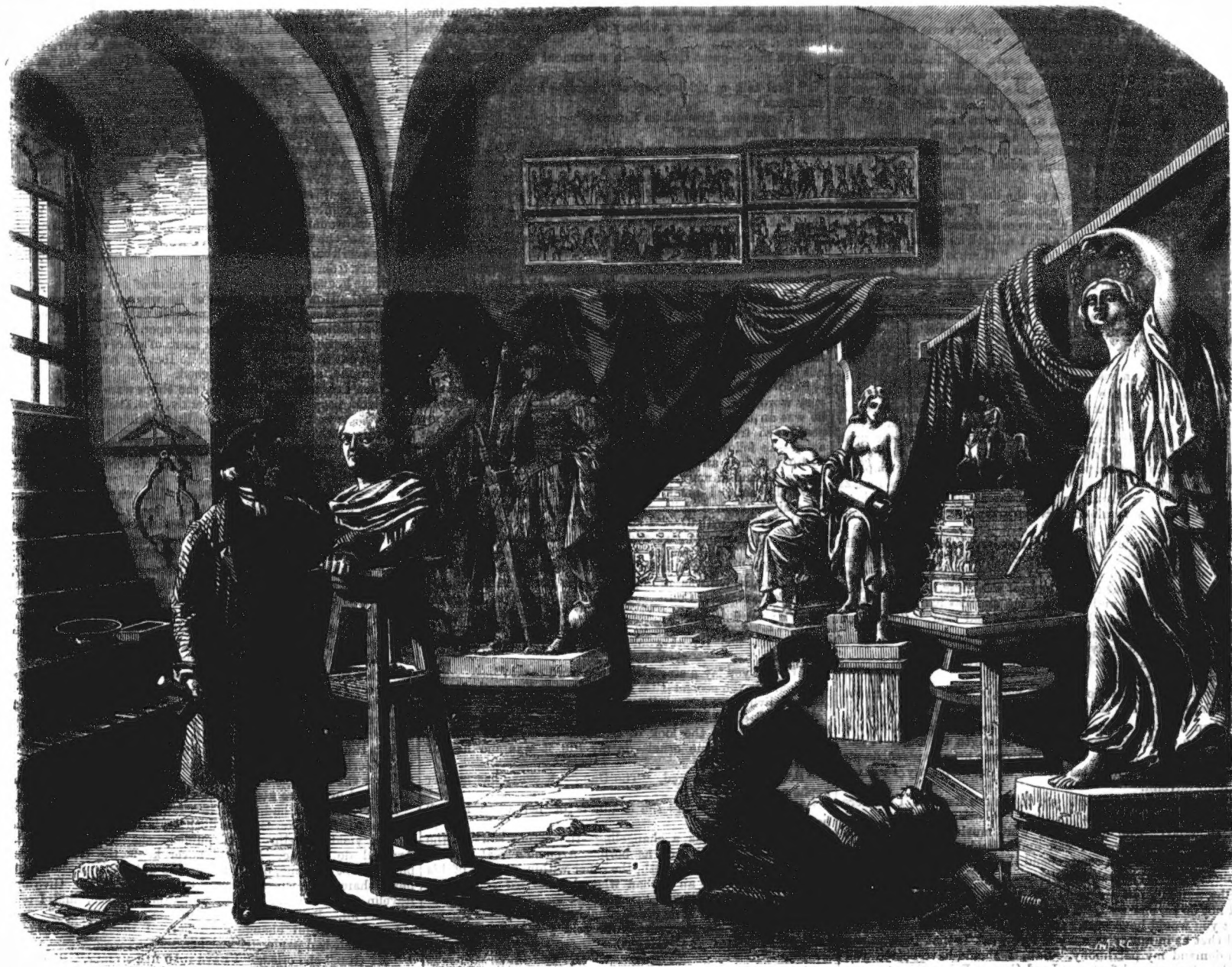
"Who shall start the confidence," I asked.

"I'm a lawyer, and do not give advantages, but I have also the honour to be your friend, and so we'll have equal chances. Odd or even," Maldring continued, taking up a quantity of steel pens.

"Even," I said, taking advantage of the position.

I was successful—even it was.

"Well, then," said Maldring, and lawyer as he was, I saw that he was absolutely anxious to be confidential, "well, then," and I remarked that he felt as though he was going to give me



ATELIER OF THE SCULPTOR RAUCH.

a great surprise, "we had Lady Elfrida's husband here—or rather a man calling himself her husband."

"The baronet?" I asked.

"No," Maldring continued, "one—"

"Herman, an artist," I returned. "A violent Frenchman."

"By Jove, you know all about it."

"I have for weeks," I returned. "I said nothing to you about the Frenchman, because I did not see my way clear. Now, you know, Maldring, I could cry off from telling you my secret, since you have told me none, but I won't take, no not even a legal advantage, so listen to this."

I then told him the entire history of my pilgrimage into Brittany; its origin, its action, and its success.

"What do you intend to do?" the lawyer asked.

"Give her one of two decisions, either to yield up Ravelin, or submit to the degradation of being publicly branded a bigamist."

"That drives my lady in a corner, but, my friend, do you know you would be compounding a felony?"

"Well, well," I returned, "the law is only hard upon the felons it finds out, and I don't mean the law to make any discoveries in my direction, and besides you are now as bad as myself."

"That's no news," said the lawyer. "I know that, and I've just been telling myself how very absurd it is to try for

other people's secrets, as though a man had not enough of his own. But by the way, I think I can tell you something you don't know at last."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It's twelve o'clock."

"I don't see the point of the remark," I returned.

"And he, Herman, is—here?"

As he spoke the spring-bell on the lawyer's door sounded, and the next moment, as Maldring held open the door of his private room, I heard the sweet voice of the French artist asking for the lawyer.

The man's coming was so unexpected that for some moments I was barely master of myself. What should I do? How act? Tell the supposititious child all or nothing? Again, how had he found out Lady Falconridge's lawyer? Had he followed me? Happily I came to a wise conclusion—to say nothing. Perhaps the safe side in an emergency is always the darkest.

Herman betrayed no surprise when he saw me.

"Good day," he said, "you have returned from France."

"You knew I had crossed the channel."

"Yes," he continued, "the telegraph informed me of your safe arrival, and the telegraph informed me of your destination. I confess you puzzle me. You were not in Koernac three hours, and you did not go to the chateau. You only

went to the inn and the church. Was a miracle performed in the latter place, that you left the village within ten minutes of quitting the sacred edifice?"

"You know almost as much of my visit to Koernac as I do myself," I returned.

"Shall I know all?" he asked, fiercely.

"No," I answered, "unless it may be to your benefit to learn even the minutest particulars of my journey."

"Ha! you gained by that journey. I see your victory over her in your eyes. Let me help you. I have told you how I hate her."

"I doubt your hate," I said. "Not that I did, but I wanted to be sure no lingering love for the woman he had once adored still did battle for her in his angry heart."

As I live, this awfully impetuous man broke the bone of his left little finger on to the back of his hand.

"I would break her down like that," he said.

I heard the bone break. I felt sick and faint as the dead, and I heard the bone break. He would not spare her, I felt, and then assured myself that he must not yet know all, or, if he learned the true history of his life, it must not be through me. Did he learn the truth I felt he would rush into action, and drive Elfrida, like a rat at bay, to fly at us in utter de-

fiance. Defiance was not my aim. I wanted to crush her. We do not defy serpents—we kill them.

We were in this position, I sick and pale, Herman with the right hand still bending back the ruined finger, when Maddring re-entered the room, which he had quitted with lawyer-like precaution.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked.

And at this moment I suppose the horrible self-inflicted pain which Herman was enduring totally overcame him. He fell back with that ghastly look which is only seen on faces which for a time, or till the day of judgment, are dead.

I confess I thought he had expired—I was wrong, it was but a death-faint. Before I left the office, for I had little time to lose, I saw that he was recovering, and thereupon telling Maddring to be cautious with the Frenchman and say nothing of my information, I left the room and went to my hotel.

Whether Herman followed me all that day or not I have never heard, I only learnt from Maddring that I had not quitted the office a minute when the young man recovered himself sufficiently to look about him, and that upon doing so, and not seeing me, he made a horrible effort, regained his feet, and staggered from the house.

Upon reaching the hotel I found a telegraphic message waiting for me from Constance, who told me that Lady Elfrida Anwold had left Yorkshire for town, leaving Sir Harold unwell and confined to his room.

The message puzzled me.

I felt sure Lady Elfrida was in town for some purpose connected with her defence of Ravelin. She had too thorough a desire to dazzle the world to leave Sir Harold ill in the country, and come up to town unless on important business. It was November. Nobody, in the fashionable slang, was in town, and London must have been to Lady Elfrida a hideous fog-land. Yet there she was, at the town house.

I made up my mind at once. I would go to the house. If she would not see me I would wait till she came out, and then I felt sure three words of mine would suffice to enable me to obtain an interview.

I took a hansom and drove to the little house in Park-lane, willfully reuted at a vast expense. It was drizzling, and the houses in that thoroughfare were as closed and as dismal as could be. Only Lady Elfrida's (as I will call it) was an exception. It was bright, cheerful, and fresh. "There is a pretty house—should you like to be the lady that lives in it?" I heard a nursemaid say to a little one, as I drove up; and even at that full strain of my mental faculties, I could not help thinking what awful sermons we all of us preach when least we know it.

I sent up my card, telling the cabman to wait.

Yes—Lady Elfrida was at home. She would be most happy to see me.

She absolutely advanced to the door to meet me.

"You are fortunate in finding me in town, Mr. Hargraves; you waste quite a pack of cards upon me. I am here choosing papers, and draperies and conservatories for my dear Ravelin."

The words were charming and ladylike; the accent upon "Ravelin" and "my" as hard as granite. She was there purchasing papers and draperies and conservatories. A couple of men were actually in the room draping beautiful damasks over their arms; exquisite paper lay about in all directions; and I noticed several conservatory designs on the various tables.

Yes; most absolutely she was speaking the truth. She did not contemplate the death of her reign. She still felt safe at Ravelin. The awful strength of mind of this woman was so wonderful that it was almost mental weakness. See—instead of counter-plotting and fighting me she was luxuriating in a world of form and colour. Yet she had said "War," and meant it, as I saw by her eyes.

"Can I see your ladyship alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she said slowly, and laying down a beautiful curtain with evident regret.

She only seemed to look at the men, and they left the room. I declare positively that she did not speak to them.

When we were alone, she turned to me and said, "I had given you credit for having some strength of mind. I fear you have little, or you would not come here to persuade me to do that which I have refused to do once—plainly I will not give up Ravelin."

"I have not come to ask you to restore Ravelin. I am here to demand its restoration."

"Demand?" She uttered the word musically, and yet discordantly. If the reader can understand what I mean by a sweet discord, he will comprehend the expression of that tone which is beyond actual description.

She waited a few moments for me to speak, and finding I did not do so, she said, "I comprehend that word. You fancy that you would have been sure of your preposterous law-suit, and that as in mercy to me you fore-went it that in turn you can demand my patrimony. Bah, I should have beaten you easily. You argued first that Lord George Falconridge was not of sound mind at the time of making the will, and that the will was a proof of his madness. Against you I should have answered that his sanity must have been questioned without reference to the will on which the whole question turned, and I should have challenged you to prove a single instance of aberration of mind on his part. Secondly, you urged that the legal proof of Lady Falconridge's madness not having been given, that such proof must exist by a present examination of Lady Falconridge before the will could be acted on. Bah, the legal proof was perfect. The law says that if two medical men certify to the madness of any miserable creature, and their certificate is signed by a magistrate, or justice of the peace, that the requirements of the law are satisfied. All this was done—I would have defied the Chancellor himself. I am glad you stopped your law, and saved the money of those poor people."

"Pray, may I ask whom you mean when you talk of those poor people?" I said, lowly.

"My aunt and cousin," she returned deferentially, "Lady and Constance Falconridge."

"You are mistaken; they are not poor, nor am I, nor Sir Jeffrey Pelton."

"Bah! you and Sir Jeffrey Pelton would have soon tired of a needless war."

Again she repeated that savage word in a soft, gentle voice. She had spoken throughout the interview quite calmly.

It was quite clear to me that she had not the remotest suspicion of the coming truth. She led up the attack herself.

"I must refer you, Mr. Hargraves," she said suavely, "if you

have anything more to say in this matter, to Sir Harold Anwold—my husband."

"Your husband?" I said calmly.

For a moment she looked me through, then she said, with an assumption of carelessness which I saw was forced, "Yes, it is true that Ravelin was settled upon me before my marriage with the baronet, yet in all matters of mere business relating to the estate I refer people to him."

Now came my turn. She was totally unprepared for what I was going to say. She believed herself armed at all points, and meanwhile a mine was ready to be lighted beneath her. How would she receive the explosion? Would she defy me? No, no. Hard, hopeless, immovable, despairing, unloving woman as she was, she could not defy me. I should have her at my mercy. And I confess that even at that extreme period of exaltation, I was curious to know in what form her terror and degradation would be exhibited.

"Your husband," I said. "I have seen your husband on this business."

She frowned. "Indeed; Sir Harold did not speak to me of it. Your communication must have been very unimportant, or I should be acquainted with it."

"I have not spoken to Sir Harold about Ravelin."

"You said yes."

"I had the honour of remarking that I had spoken to your husband."

She started. I saw her. She drew back in her chair an inch, and more. That was a victory to obtain over such a marble hearted woman.

And then—great Heaven!—in a moment she was as calm as before.

"You talk in riddles—speak plainly—I am not clever at enigmas."

"I have seen Armand de Kœrnac."

"Is he in England?"

That was her answer. So far I was repulsed. With the exception of that momentary terror she had shown no emotion.

"Yes, in England," I replied; "and in London."

"Does he intend visiting here?" she said calmly.

"The wife's home should be the husband's," I returned, as I felt that her influence was so strong upon me that I, actually I, who have always prided myself upon my straightforwardness and candour was positively using the weapons of this woman.

She answered with her favourite term of contempt—"Bah, that young man has been deceiving you. As I live he talks as though he were the injured person. Allow me, Mr. Hargraves, to inform you."

"Your ladyship will pardon me," I broke in—"if I say I know all. He married you under twenty-five years of age, without his parents' consent, in France, and therefore by law you are not his wife."

"No—only his mistress," she answered. Those were her very words. "I left him with no complaint. He had told me he was an orphan—when I learnt the truth I merely held my peace and tried to build up my name in England. I went away—he followed me. He threatened me—for what? For wishing to live an honest woman. I had not sinned. I was innocent—and in marrying Sir Harold Anwold I committed no unworthy act. I speak to you, Hedrick Hargraves"—(here she smiled—such a smile as might have wreathed around the mouth of Circe withal)—"I speak to you thus frankly because you seem to be more just and clear-headed than most of the men I meet. I defy you to prove that I have committed any crime. Yes," she continued, as I saw she marked the look on my face, which was prompted by the awful remembrance of the conversation Constance had heard in the park between her and Juan Cintos. "Yes—I defy you to prove one sin lying at my door—say this to Count Armand de Kœrnac."

"I could not report your words to Count Armand de Kœrnac."

"Why do you lay a stress upon the word count?"

"Count is the second title in the Duc de Kœrnac's family. No man living can bear it."

"Why?" she asked. I think it was at this awful moment she comprehended the look of triumph on my face. It was as herself made me cruel—on my life it was she herself made me cruel.

"Because," I answered, "The Duc de Kœrnac has neither nephew nor son!"

"No son!" she said—the deadness of her voice I shall never forget.

"No—Armand was a changeling—the actual son of the Duke died almost as soon as born. Armand's real parents died, the one before his birth, the other within a year of his existence. He was an orphan when he married you. You are his wife—Lady Elfrida Kœrnac."

She was silent for a moment, plucking the feathers from a fan. Suddenly she started. "He told you this farrago of nonsense."

"No."

"Who did?"

"The Duchess de Kœrnac—on her knees, in the quiet church confessed this truth to me when I taxed her with it."

Could I believe my eyes? A look of triumph was on this woman's face. I had hoped to see her literally at my feet, whereas she was actually smiling before me.

"Does Armand de Kœrnac know of this confession?"

"No; and it rests with you whether he shall or not. Yield up Ravelin, and I promise you to keep the secret. Do not, and I use your own declaration—war. If he know it, you are lost, for he abhors, and I know would destroy you?"

"Tell him when you please," she said calmly, the cruel light once more in her eyes—"if you leave my house immediately you may be able to tell him all the sooner."

I could not believe the evidence of my ears.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "insanity has not touched my branch of the Falconridge family—but you are ignorant."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that you are just where you were. You do not know French law. I do. Listen. If a man and a woman declare a child their own when it is not, if either commit himself or herself in this way—that creature offends the law so mightily that the galleys claim the criminal, or criminals. I defy you still, and I defy you all. I keep Ravelin, and my position as Lady Harold Anwold. More on this matter and you are lost! What—to obtain Ravelin will you cast into the galleys a grey-haired woman whose secret you surprised when she was in a church, weeping perhaps, for I know what these French women are in churches? What, will Armand de Kœrnac dare

attack me through the ruin of her he has called mother? Have pity on him. Do not tell the poor lad your secret. His power over me (for I believe your tale) is powerless. That knowledge would drive him insane. Have pity on him. I will."

Here an awful shadow fell upon her face. I knew she would madden Armand with the fact.

"You see how you have failed. I shall still hold Ravelin," she continued, with a catch in her voice as she uttered the name of the castle. I am convinced she had a mad passion for Ravelin.

As she spoke she touched a hand-bell. She wished me good bye with such suavity, that upon my life I think the very footman was edified.

I left the house, and before I proceed further I must put on record a very singular episode which occurred to me within five minutes of the door's closing upon me.

A young, roughish-looking, but far from stupid-looking man, came briskly up to me, and walked on a few seconds by my side. Then he moved on a few paces beyond me—stopped, turned, and said, "May I ask you a question, sir?"

"Yes," I said.

"Have you heard whether Captain Hanwold is comin' home from India?"

These were his very words.

"No," I said, as I felt astounded that this common-looking man should ask after an officer who was some thousands of miles away, and who had not been in England for some years.

"Holl right!" this brisk man returned, though I saw by his face that it was all wrong. The next moment he turned up a stable-yard, and upon my word he seemed to vanish, so quick were his movements.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I NEED not say that, upon receiving Elfrida's answer, I at once determined to start for Brittany once more. I knew my duty, and I meant to do it. The Duchess of Kœrnac had committed a crime. The admission of that crime was justice in itself. But this truth sunk into insignificance before the fact that her written confession, with a promise to make it public at my demand, would enable me to have such a hold upon Lady Elfrida that she could not elude my grasp.

This written confession I determined to have if the duchess fell back from her promise.

Great heaven, how little do we know of the decrees of Providence! How little we know of its ways to help us in our straits. I thought I could not move in this miserable business without inflicting a horrible wound upon a lady whose twenty years of repentance, and whose score of years of tears had not washed out her crime. Meanwhile Heaven had simplified the catastrophe, and turned all to good.

When I entered the village all the shops were hung with bits of black, people went about silently, the smiling of greeting neighbours was grave, and the little children moved about affrightedly.

I went once more to the church, and in the old Latin tongue the preacher was crying "I am the resurrection, and the life."

She was dead, this poor duchess. Heaven had shriven her of a sin without an earthly penance.

She was dead; but she had found her stark and kneeling on the stone pavement of the little church, tears still on her cold cheeks, her hands still clasped; for she had died praying.

As I stood there I heard the words beating in my ears, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

She was at peace. They told me that her face was as calm as that of a little child. The old duke knelt in the church, and I saw by the half of his face which I marked as I peered from behind a pillar that he had learnt the whole truth.

I followed from the church to the grave, and that evening, though I so longed to return to London, I went to the little cemetery, and I knelt down, and said, "Oh forgive, oh forgive, and I am sure she did, because when I rose all seemed so peaceful about me, and the winter air was pleasant."

Then, back to England.

This time when I reached her house she, radiant dressed, was entering her carriage. Something in my looks I suppose told her she had better see me, for she stepped back to the house and by a mere gesture bade me follow her.

I uttered what I had to say in a few brief words.

"Lady Elfrida Kœrnac, the duchess, is dead, and now, if you do not yield Ravelin I will publicly shame you, through Armand de Kœrnac. He will never know the truth of his birth except from me, or his father, the duke, who I know will never shame his wife's memory by the confession. Give up Ravelin, and I leave you as you are. Refuse, and I tell Armand all. Believe me, he is merciless."

I saw the awful change upon her. I thought it was my words which had panic-stricken her. I was wrong.

"My God," she cried, "I HAVE TOLD HIM MYSELF." She had written to him in order to madden the angry man by taunting him with being unable to attack her, except through the duchess. That barrier was down.

LADY ELFRIDA KœRNAC HAD RUINED HERSELF.
(To be continued in our next.)

THE PRINCE OF ORLEANS.—"The Princes of Orleans," said the *Pays*, "who had entered the service of the United States in the struggle against the South, have suddenly come to the resolution to return to Europe. They are expected at Southampton by the next packet from New York."

DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.—A quiet village, not 100 miles from Woodbridge, was aroused from its accustomed dulness last week, by a report, which appears correct, that a gay young Lothario (who had been for some months residing with the rector of the parish) had suddenly disappeared with one of the young ladies of the family. The lady's brother, not to be behind hand in gallantry, persuaded the governess to accompany him on Cupid's errand at the same time. The alarm and consternation of the parents (who were at a watering-place some few miles distant) may be easily imagined; and as soon as the real facts of the case were apparent a chase ensued, but with what result has not transpired. The fugitive couples were seen driving at a furious pace through the town on the day referred to about three o'clock, hastening to catch the 3.55 train at Ipswich for the metropolis. We believe we are correct in stating that neither of the gentlemen has reached his 21st year, whilst one of the ladies is not yet "sweet seventeen."—*Essex Telegraph*.

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